AUGUST 3, 1963. VOL. CCLIV. NO. 3296.

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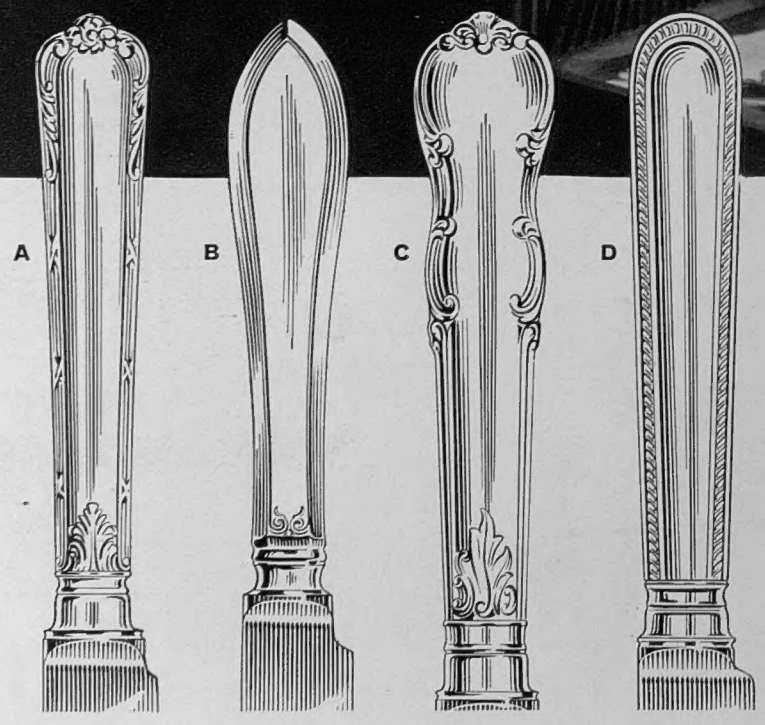

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Volume CCLIV No. 3296 LONDON, August 3, 1963

THE SPHERE

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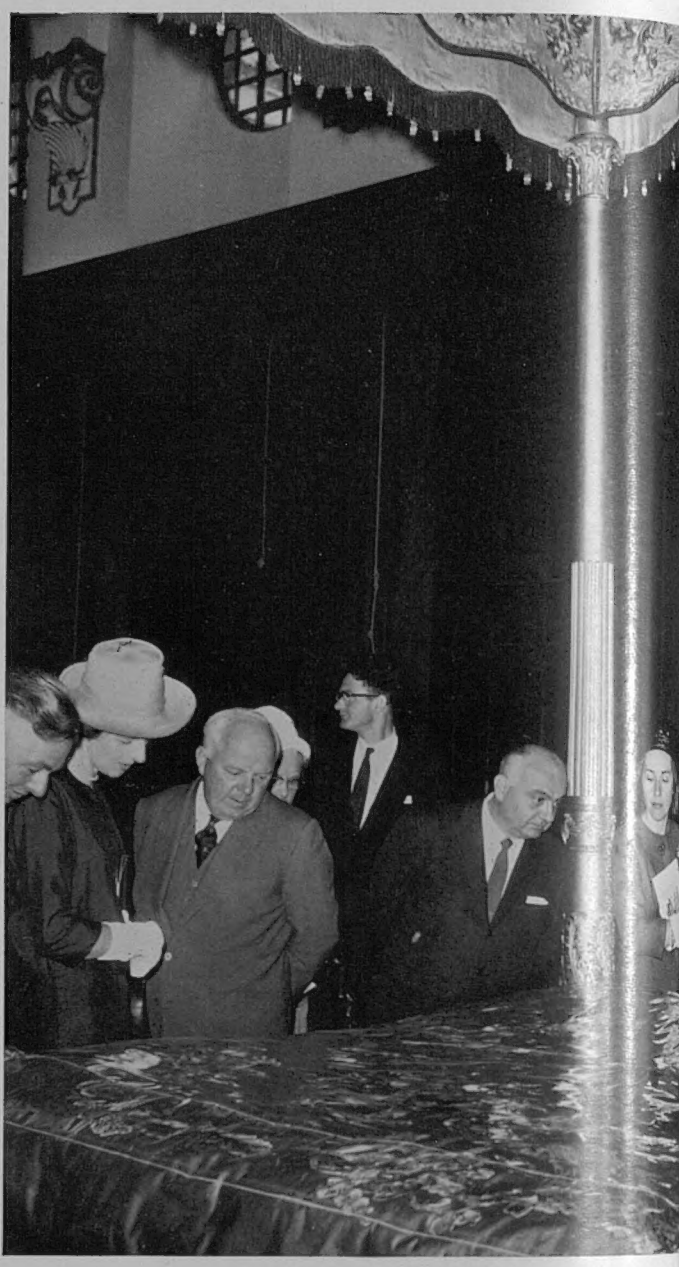
Relief and anguish are mixed as a mother and daughter are reunited after the earthquake which devastated the Yugoslav city of Skopje, ancient capital of Macedonia. Last weekend, as rescue workers continued to search the ruined city, where most of the modern streets had turned to rubble, another severe earth tremor was felt. But it caused no further damage. It was not known how many people out of the 200,000 population had been killed but it was feared that the deaths might eventually be over 1,000. There were numbers of tourists in or near the city. Emergency precautions, which included compulsory vaccination, were taken to avoid epidemics in the extremely hot weather (see also p. 149)

TRAGEDY COMES TO SKOPJE

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The Mayor of Rome visits London

Professor Glauco Della Porta (centre), the Mayor of Rome, and his wife, Signora Della Porta (right), inspect a four-poster bed in the Royal Apartments at Hampton Court. Their host there was Mr Richard Sharples (extreme left), Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Works. The Mayor and his wife were in London for a week's visit at the invitation of the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Ralph Perring

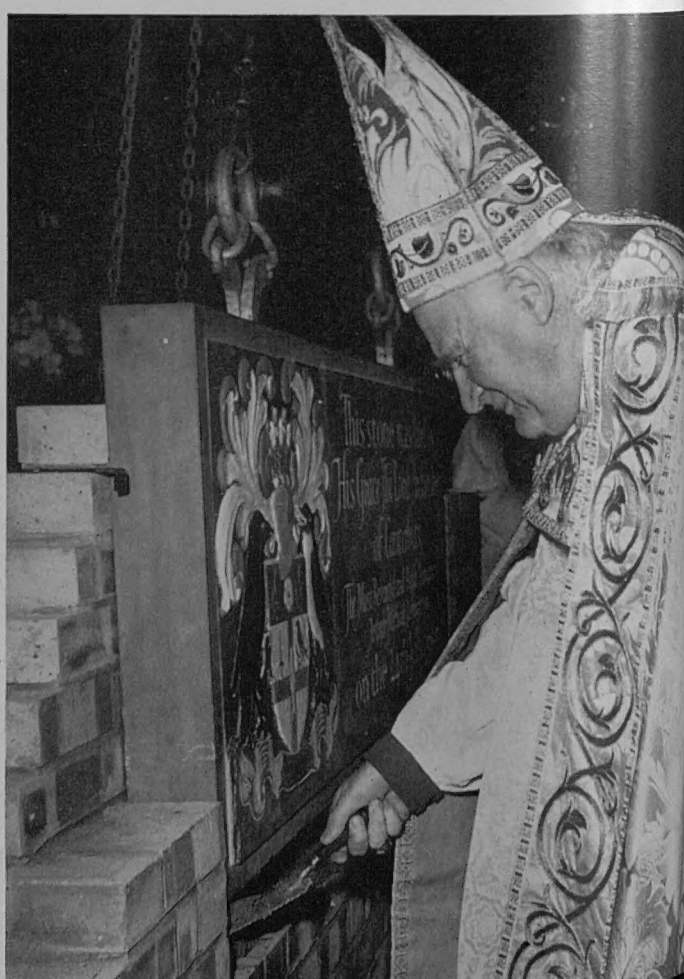


Congolese Premier visits Britain

At London Airport, Mr Macmillan is with Mr Adoula, Prime Minister of the Congo, and his wife. Last week Mr Adoula arrived in Britain on a four-day visit, his first official visit to this country. He was accompanied on his talks with Mr Macmillan and Lord Home, the Foreign Secretary, by Mr Mabika-Kalanda, his Foreign Minister, and Mr Mahambra, his Minister of Mines. Purpose of the visit was to improve relations between the two countries

Foundation stone for new St Thomas's

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Michael Ramsey, lays the foundation stone of the new building for St Thomas's Hospital in Lambeth, on the south bank of the River Thames. The building under construction will form the nucleus of the new hospital. The rebuilding scheme is expected to take ten years to complete and to cost £13 million. St Thomas's moved to Lambeth in 1871 from Southwark, where it was founded in the early 13th century



THE NEWS IN PICTURES

← A rocket from President Nasser

A new Egyptian rocket, called the Vanguard, is displayed during the military parade in Cairo, marking the eleventh anniversary of the Egyptian Revolution. It was claimed during the celebrations last week that the rocket had a range of over 350 miles. At a rally in Cairo, President Nasser bitterly attacked the Baathist Government of Syria, which, he said, had committed "treason" to the short-lived proposed federal union of Syria, Iraq and Egypt

↑ Thinking hard at the United Nations

Mr Adlai Stevenson, the U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, flanked by other members of the U.S. delegation, provides a study in concentration at the Security Council. They were listening to a debate last week on the situation in Portugal's African territories, in which independent African nations charged Portugal with inhumane policies. It was expected that these would ask the U.N. Security Council for an arms embargo against Portugal and South Africa

NEWS SUMMARY

The start of a new phase in East-Wes relations?—the partial nuclear test ban

In the Fourth Test at Headingely, Leeds, C. Griffiths bowls during his devastating spell in England's first innings. The batsman is G. A. R. Lock, who scored 53. England were set to make 453 in their second innings but were all out for 231, the West Indies winning by 221. **Below:** Miss Ann Townsend rides Dunboyne III at the White City. She won the *Daily Mail* Cup, the victor ludorum of the jumping events at the Royal International Horse Show

International

A partial nuclear test ban—covering tests in the atmosphere, under water and in space—was initialled in Moscow and is due to be signed this week. Mr Harriman, the US delegate to the talks in Moscow, said he attributed this major success to Mr Khrushchev's hopes for a relaxation of tension in the Cold War and a desire to score a point with the Chinese. A large number of countries will probably sign the treaty. But at the beginning of this week, there seemed to be two who would not—China and France. Most of the speculation in Moscow was centred round what further steps Mr Khrushchev might want to take—specifically discussions of a non-aggression pact between Nato and Warsaw Pact countries. (See also John Connell, page 152.)

Great Britain

In a major speech, at Chilham in Kent, Mr Macmillan described the Moscow treaty as "an event of surpassing importance." Britain, he said, "had taken a lead in these mighty affairs . . . by the right and authority of our own nuclear power." In his speech Mr Macmillan made no reference to his own political future. Nationwide opinion polls still showed a large lead for the Labour Party last week. The by-election in Stratford-upon-Avon, Mr Profumo's old seat, will take place on August 15.

Princess Alexandra is expecting a baby in the New Year. The child will be 13th in succession to the throne.

Malaysia

There was to be a summit meeting in Manila last Tuesday to be attended by Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Malayan Prime Minister; President Macapagal of the Philippines; and President Sukarno of Indonesia. The Malayan delegation hoped to persuade President Sukarno to abandon his renewed policy of opposition towards Malaysia.

Latin America

After more than a year of military rule, Peru returned to constitutional government with assumption of the Presidency last week by Senor Fernando Belaunde Terry. He was voted President in the elections last month with a large personal majority, but his political supporters failed to win a majority in either the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies.

According to reports from Buenos Aires, Dr Arturo Illia was assured of election to the Presidency of Argentina by the electoral colleges which were to meet this week. His party, the People's Radicals, headed the polls in the Congressional elections at the beginning of July, but did not gain an overall majority.

Correction: In our issue of July 20, in the report of the Public Schools cricket match between Radley College and Eastbourne College, the two teams were wrongly identified on page 92. The captions should be transposed. On page 93, R. G. M. Finn is a member of the Radley XI, not of the Eastbourne team.

THE RUINS OF SKOPJE

Left: A rescue team, using their bare hands, searches a huge mound of rubble that was once a home in Skopje. Yugoslav soldiers, miners and all available men from the surrounding area were called into the stricken city to search for survivors buried in the ruins. To help the injured and the survivors aid was sent from all over the world

Below: Clouds of dust rise from the ruins as the rescuers dig their way in from the collapsed roof

Bottom: A long file of people treks out of Skopje, carrying their remaining possessions, after evacuation of the city was ordered for fear of epidemics

ROYAL VISITATIONS

150

Far left: During her tour of the new Welwyn and Hatfield Hospital, the Queen talks to a patient, Mr D. V. Furness, of Hatfield. Standing by the bed is staff nurse Diana Westmacott. The Queen had just declared the hospital open and unveiled a commemorative plaque

Below left: At the Royal Caledonian Schools at Bushey in Hertfordshire, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is presented with a bouquet by two of the children. They are Jonathan Macintosh, of Dundee, and, almost obscured by him, Catherine Glanville, of Edinburgh. The Queen Mother was visiting the school to open "The Hall of the Clans." After performing the ceremony she watched a display of dancing outside the Hall

Left: The Duke of Edinburgh talks with Mr George Drew, the High Commissioner for Canada, at the dinner of the Canadian Veterans' Association in the United Kingdom. The dinner was held at Macdonald House in Grosvenor Square, London

Below: Surrounded by some of the guests, the Duke of Edinburgh is at a Reception for the Prizewinners of European Schools' Day at Lancaster House in London. Seniors in the competition for prizes awarded by the Council of Europe had to write essays. Juniors had to submit drawings or paintings

JOHN CONNELL

A FIRST MAJOR STEP

152 The Moscow agreement initialled on the evening of July 25 may prove, as the Prime Minister told the Commons a few hours later, to be the first major step towards lifting the nightmare load of fear that millions bear, and towards diminishing the likelihood of havoc and grief on a scale greater than that of the Black Death. It is proper to be cautious, but is it not equally proper to proclaim some measure of hope? Of course there will be snags in the new relationships, and dangers; of course Mr Khrushchev has several tricks up his sleeve; and of course the practical difficulties of ensuring that the agreement is kept will be considerable. But perseverance, patience and restraint have won a quite notable victory; ought not some credit go to those who, through some pretty discouraging times, continued to display these qualities?

One suspiciously sour note was already being sounded while the drafts of the treaty were whizzing urgently back and forth between Moscow, London and Washington: And won't they be perfectly right to do so? Mr Kennedy has a watchful Opposition to contend with, to whom the idea is habitual that the slightest concession to the Soviets (to borrow this odd Americanism) is fraught with peril to US security. Is he not bound to try to demonstrate, as his country, no less than ours, moves into a pre-election phase, that on the contrary American security has been greatly strengthened by this Treaty; and will he not use every political manoeuvre to extract the maximum credit from the agreement, and to discredit his opponents and critics as much as he can?

Reporters and photographers crowd round the conference table in Moscow after the initialling of the partial test ban treaty. Extreme left, without spectacles, is Mr Averell Harriman, and, extreme right, Mr Gromyko

Politicians and statesmen

And Mr Khrushchev is no soul unspotted, innocent of political sophistication, of deviousness, and of a precise and ruthless sense of timing. Having made the decision to answer the challenge of the Chinese, he must surely make every effort to complete their discomfiture, to prove the rightness of his choice, and to rally his supporters and satellites. Is the conclusion of the agreement, we were told, was bound to be subject to political exploitation. Indignant eyes flashed at the idea, hands were raised in wrathful protest.

This particularly concerned the British share in the agreement. Mr Macmillan, it was indicated, was being more than usually cunning and unscrupulous in bringing off this unwarranted coup while doughty Mr Harold Wilson was crusading so selflessly against vice and corruption in high places and in low. Fancy bringing an international agreement of this scope and significance back and offering it to the British electorate at a time when politicians and newspapers have been vying with each other in probing scandals in the Establishment—has the man no sense at all, either of priorities or proprieties? People do utter hysterical rubbish when they are in this kind of mood.

Won't Mr Kennedy and Mr Khrushchev exploit the treaty to their political advantage? an attitude which, if we stop to think about it, we take for granted in others, so utterly culpable in a British Prime Minister who is under hot and determined attack by his political opponents? Since it is on record that, first as Foreign Secretary and then as Prime Minister, he has sought steadily and tenaciously to achieve just this kind of agreement as a preliminary to reconciliation and lessening of tension on bigger and even more important issues, is he not justified in regarding its achievement, after many setbacks and disappointments, as a triumph; and are not his colleagues and supporters entitled to salute it as such?

By the middle of last week, and in spite of the welcome atmosphere of privacy and restraint in which the talks had been conducted, the content of the drafts was pretty common knowledge in the capitals of the three countries concerned. It had been agreed (so all well-informed circles were busy telling one another) that no more nuclear tests would be carried out in three elements: the earth's atmosphere, outer space and under the sea; an agreement on banning underground tests had been quickly ruled out of the discussion, because the Russians were as obstinate as ever in their rejection of the idea that foreign inspection teams (necessary to check any report of underground testing) should operate inside the Soviet Union.

If these provisions are faithfully carried out, there is a chance that the world may become a slightly safer (dare one hope a slightly better?) place to live in. While the negotiations were reaching their climax an editorial writer in *The New York Times* pointed out, in a more than ordinarily thoughtful article, the striking likeness between these parleys and those other parallel meetings in Moscow in the summer of 1939, when Stalin negotiated publicly with Britain and France about stopping Hitler's headlong march of aggression and at the same time negotiated secretly with Hitler on a Nazi-Communist division of the world.

As I reflected on this analogy I became aware of my own personal signpost, in that faraway August. I was a gunner in a TA regiment at practice camp on the coast of Wales; we hadn't time to fire a round before we were hustled back to London, to put into order and man a gun-site on Wanstead Flats. I remember the taste of sweet condensed milk and NAAFI beer. But that was when, as *The New York Times* justly observed, "Stalin opted for war and helped trigger World War II." Now in 1963 it is reasonably apparent that Mr Khrushchev (to quote *The New York Times* once more) "is at the very least opting against a nuclear war, and for that much the world can give thanks."

Scoring off the Chinese

His choice has infuriated the Chinese, who see it—quaintly enough—as a direct attack on Mao Tse-tung, and are busy assuring Mr Khrushchev that he is exhausting his evil talents in a futile venture. They are particularly angered by the Russian leader's reluctance to be dragged, at their behest, to the verge and perhaps beyond the verge of a nuclear war; they say that the belief that if a nuclear war breaks out mankind will perish amounts to saying that there is no alternative to capitulation in the face of imperialist nuclear blackmail. To Western ears this sounds—and indeed it is—the most outrageous perversion of the truth.

But what is important is that Mr Khrushchev, who is just as zealous as they are in the pursuit of final Communist victory in the ideological struggle in which he and the Chinese both still believe, has recognised it to be as perilous as perverse. This recognition and the choice of policy and strategy to which it has led him do not, let us remember, usher in the millennium; the Marxist lion is not immediately embracing the capitalist lamb. Perplexities, difficulties and risks in plenty must still lie ahead, but the first step towards sanity has been taken.

LIVERPOOL'S SLUM PROBLEMS

The crisis in London's housing needs has been much in the news of late but it has obscured the fact that the situation is much worse in some provincial cities. Sir Keith Joseph, the Minister of Housing, has been undertaking a tour of black spots. He concluded his tour by visiting Liverpool last week. In the photograph he is second from left, entering a ramshackle building in a slum area. Liverpool has 80,000 houses—almost two-fifths of the city's dwellings—classed as slums and 45,000 families on the Corporation's waiting list. Root cause of the situation is that Liverpool, like other Northern cities, was developed rapidly in the Industrial Revolution, between 1820 and 1870. With the result that a large proportion of homes, built to standards unacceptable today, need to be torn down and rebuilt. Liverpool is carrying out a number of imaginative housing schemes, but as Sir Keith Joseph commented, its problems are "daunting"

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

154 **"Tenant wanted for luxury house"**

Soon enough now No. 10 Downing Street will be ready for occupation, and from all I have seen and heard it will be very snug indeed. This luxury *rus-in-urbe* residence has every imaginable mod. con. for family life and excellent accommodation for the tenant to carry on his business, or a part of it, on the premises. No expense has been spared and the work has not been hurried or scamped. It has cost £1 million and taken several years to turn the old building into the very model of what a First Minister of the Crown requires for the dignity and responsibilities of his office, and what his wife and family are entitled to expect in comforts and labour-saving. No. 10 was not ever thus. The move back from Admiralty House will be easy and inconspicuous and will pass almost unnoticed in the mighty general post which in the next eight months will transform Whitehall. The house is all ready, or very soon will be, for the tenant. But the name of the lucky man has not yet been disclosed nor the term of his tenancy. These are matters which many of us would very much like to know, for we made a handsome contribution towards ensuring that the anonymous beneficiary should be comfortably housed, and we take quite a personal interest in his character and antecedents. Our contention has been that the house should be worthy of him and we want him to be worthy of our model house.

In August go he must?

Unflappable as he is, Mr Macmillan must feel considerable embarrassment while the question of his retirement remains everybody's business. Nor is the embarrassment on one side only. Not only his critics in his own party but his warmest supporters in the Cabinet fight shy of naming a date-line. The only accepted and spoken premise common to a majority is that he must go at least six months before the next General Election to enable his successor to create a new model army for the fight. But until his successor is agreed on, there is little point in agreeing on a date-line. To vacate his throne and then to wrangle over the succession would hardly benefit the party in its present decline. Time is short and the weeks go by. The cackle must be cut and the brass tacks got down to. There is little time left for indulging in gentlemanly embarrassments. Mr Macmillan is " no Adenauer." He does not cling to office for office's sake. He has his own timetable and it is surely linked with Lord Hailsham's return from the promised land. If only he can return with even a moderate bunch of grapes—a limited and temporary ban on nuclear tests—Mr Macmillan can go in glory, with a modest halo set on his efforts in the last decade, dazzling enough to obliterate the Profumo affair which, one fears, must drag on too long into the autumn to be wholly forgotten, as it deserves to be. With " a little bit of luck " it may be that the Premier may still imitate the cuckoo and save his party critics and admirers from the embarrassment of fixing a date for his retirement. Why not the 12th? The whole world hopes that it may be so if the outcome of the Moscow talks is taken to be the key point and date-line in a domestic and party-political issue. If this should be the case, the choice of his successor becomes a matter of urgency.

Quarantine for space heroes?

The BMA at Oxford issued a warning that in future, pioneer astronauts must be rewarded on return to earth with a long and rigorous period of quarantine in lieu of a hero's welcome. They must be treated like dogs instead of heroes. The medical profession ruefully accept it that we are " committed to the vast folly of probing space," and I couldn't agree with them more as to the size of the folly. Naturally enough, they would prefer to postpone the folly until the causes which breed disease on earth are nearer solution. No one knows or can know what horrible new diseases may be brought back by the first pioneers on Mars, Venus or the Moon until we are in the grip of some unknown epidemic. Hence the essential need for complex quarantine measures. Medical science can only guess the hazards. Heaven knows what murderous horrors may come back from Mars, what dreadful diseases from Venus, what fearful extension of mental disease—a larger lunacy—from the Moon. Those of us, probably a minority of the human race, who agree in the stupendous impudence of this folly must endure the contemptuous labels of squares, victorians, blimps and diehards. All we can do is to combine with the doctors and insist on quarantine as a means of mitigating

its most fearsome results. It would be a recognised regulation that hero's welcome must be postponed for at least six months after future space missions are completed.

The vandals and fibreglass

I have always ranked our simple-minded native vandals with political assassins—incurable lunatics. The idiots who deface, destroy and divert chairs, seats and direction signs are beyond the help of alienists. Those who manage the Royal Parks are trying to limit the damage they do by substituting fibreglass and aluminium for canvas and wooden chairs, supplied for the comfort of the saner elements in the nation. They say that the new types of chairs and seats will survive fire and razor-slashing and will swim when thrown into water. It seems that even among guests at Buckingham Palace garden parties, a few incurable idiots get through; for there, too, the change to fibreglass and aluminium is to be made. I hope the idea may extend to most of our open spaces in southern England, for London has no monopoly in incurable idiocy, and if the new models are to be made by 60 handicapped people, there is every reason why 6,000, or the full total of 60,000, should be gainfully employed in the good work of limiting the damage done by the lunatic fringe—always assuming that the hooligans do not henceforth arm themselves with sledgehammers to prove their destructiveness.

"Two fine days and a thunderstorm"

I have always been chaffed by my family for depression of spirit whenever it rains and blows in summer. There is some excuse for depres-

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sion by the latter half of July when the traditional English summer (in foreign eyes "two fine days and a thunderstorm") has been too literally justified as a *mot*—two fine days around Whitsun and thundery conditions ever since. I don't at all despair of our chances of "feeling the heat" before September is over, of pulling out our deckchairs at last and flinging away the winter garments of repentance, continuously worn since the late freeze-up winter. But as I drove through Oxfordshire, Berkshire and Hampshire last week I was reasonably depressed by the signs of autumn; "our English summer done" before it has begun. Brown and falling leaves, acres of laid and mouldering hay still to be gathered, barley fields, sown in spring, choked with weeds. In the gardens, the story is even more dismal. Nothing but weeds seem to flourish. The rosebuds turn brown before they bloom, the soft fruits, if they ripen at all, are too musty to pick. The bedded-out plants in borders remain as inconspicuous as when they were planted, and only delphiniums appear to have benefited from these dismal months, only to be decapitated *en masse* by the everlasting winds. There is genuine cause for depression during a summer when a fire is essential in the living-room in the evenings right through to August and there is so little chance of economising in one's electricity charges. Perhaps it is something to do with these nuclear test explosions, after all. So it is possible that everything will be lovely in the gardens and fields when Lord Hailsham has returned, bearing his sheaves with him. At the time I am writing, there are signs of improvement.

The Old Stager

Above left: Son et Lumière is staged at Carrickfergus Castle on the northern shore of Belfast Lough, in Northern Ireland

Above: At the Hastings Carnival 'Happy Harolds' of the KB Television factory float amuse the mayor and holidaymakers who watched the procession

Left: On a sunny day Londoners make the most of the sun deck of the Oasis swimming pool in Holborn

Below: A recent photograph of Ibsley Bridge between Fordingbridge and Ringwood in Hampshire, a famous landmark on the Christchurch Avon. The main road from Salisbury to Bournemouth runs parallel to the river along this stretch

BILLY LIAR

156 The story by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall of Billy Fisher has already been transformed into a play which had a long run in the West End. It now reappears as a film directed by John Schlesinger in its most successful transformation, and with a remarkable performance by Tom Courtenay, who also played Billy on the stage. This, released by Warner-Pathe, is due to open in London this month. A compulsive and inventive liar, Billy is a young clerk in an undertaker's office in a northern town. Idle, feckless, Billy yet has a great deal of charm. His tongue, ever ready, for no good reason, to invent disastrous illnesses for his nearest and dearest, has also got him engaged to two girls at the same time. Of course he is actually in love with a third, played by Julie Christie, who figures as the heroine in his dream world. On the stage this world had to be projected through the strength of the actor's ability to mime; in the novel it was described in rambling detail. But in the film this world is translated with dazzling invention. The audience can well see why Billy escapes into it to avoid the dull complications of his everyday life. He is the heroic leader, sometimes wounded, of a republic torn by civil war, delivering thunderous harangues to a swooning populace. He is also the Great Lover and the writer, in prison, of a best-seller called *I Have Paid*. What gives all the various versions of the tale of Billy Fisher their appeal is the comic portrait of the hero.

In the world of his imagination Billy Fisher (Tom Courtenay) plays many dazzling figures, including a general surveying the devastated battlefield of a recent victory

Above right: In his dreams Billy wears many improbable uniforms

Right: But in reality he lives at home with his mother (Mona Washbourne), father (Wilfred Pickles) and grandmother (Ethel Griffies)—a suburban home in the North in which nobody listens to anybody else

Above: Billy's imaginary world is full of military parades and blaring martial music

Far left: At a dance hall, the two girls he is engaged to, Rita (Gwendolyn Watts) and Barbara (Helen Fraser), fight over the sole engagement ring

Left: In one fantasy, Billy imagines married life with Rita

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

MAURITIUS

Plans for Economic Development

There is much far-sighted planning on the part of the Mauritius Government towards the intensive development of the island's economy. The visit recently to London and currently to Washington of the financial delegation led by Dr S. Ramgoolam, the Chief Minister, represents an important stage in the realisation of the plans.

A loan of 36 million rupees (approximately £2.6 million) is being negotiated with the World Bank in America by this delegation, which includes Mr Maurice Patureau, Minister of Trade, Commerce and Industry; Mr Alan Bates, Financial Secretary; Mr J. Creigh, Deputy Financial Secretary; Mr R. Desmarais, General Manager of the Central Electricity Board, and Dr K. Hazareesingh, Director, Central Information Office.

The composition of the delegation suggests that development of greater electrical power resources is one of the objects. This is required to realise the planned expansion in the fields of economic and social development. The government has declared in a white paper recently that while it recognises the need for continuing growth in the sugar industry, particularly by the improvement of technological methods and crop yields, it is also necessary to diversify the economy by creating a climate favourable for the establishment and growth of secondary industries.

Two principal reasons are given for this need. First, it is agreed that this is the best way in which to create more jobs—a vital need with a fast-growing population—and second, Mauritius must endeavour to reduce the list of manufactured goods imported from abroad for which foreign currency must be spent out of the earnings of the major industry, sugar.

Sugar production is not to be limited; on the contrary, it is hoped that by establishing the manufacture of fertilisers in the island, and other measures, the yield can be raised by about a third. A number of by-products of sugar can also provide more industry and employment: high-grade rum, absolute alcohol, protein, animal feeding stuffs, paper and building boards are to be manufactured.

Direct and indirect taxation and import duties are to be adjusted in such a way as to act as incentives and loans will be made available for new industries through a newly established Development Bank. This is not enough, however; a great public works programme is to be carried out as well as an extensive housing development. A new trunk road, substantial development of water resources, sewerage schemes, the extension of the island's airport and new harbour works are all part of the programme, some of which is in the process of being carried out.

New branches of agriculture, in addition to the improvement in the cultivation of sugar, are to be established. A start has already been made with extensive tea plantations; this is a crop which is successful in Mauritius, and, what is equally important, virtually cyclone-proof. Cattle, poultry, pigs, potatoes, vegetables, fruit and groundnuts are other likely products to be cultivated.

Everything is being done to encourage investment in the future industrial development of Mauritius. Profits and dividends as well as capital are freely transferable to their country of origin, without any restriction. The government has declared that it has no intention of nationalising any private industry; its resources are to be used on forms of development which no other body can undertake.

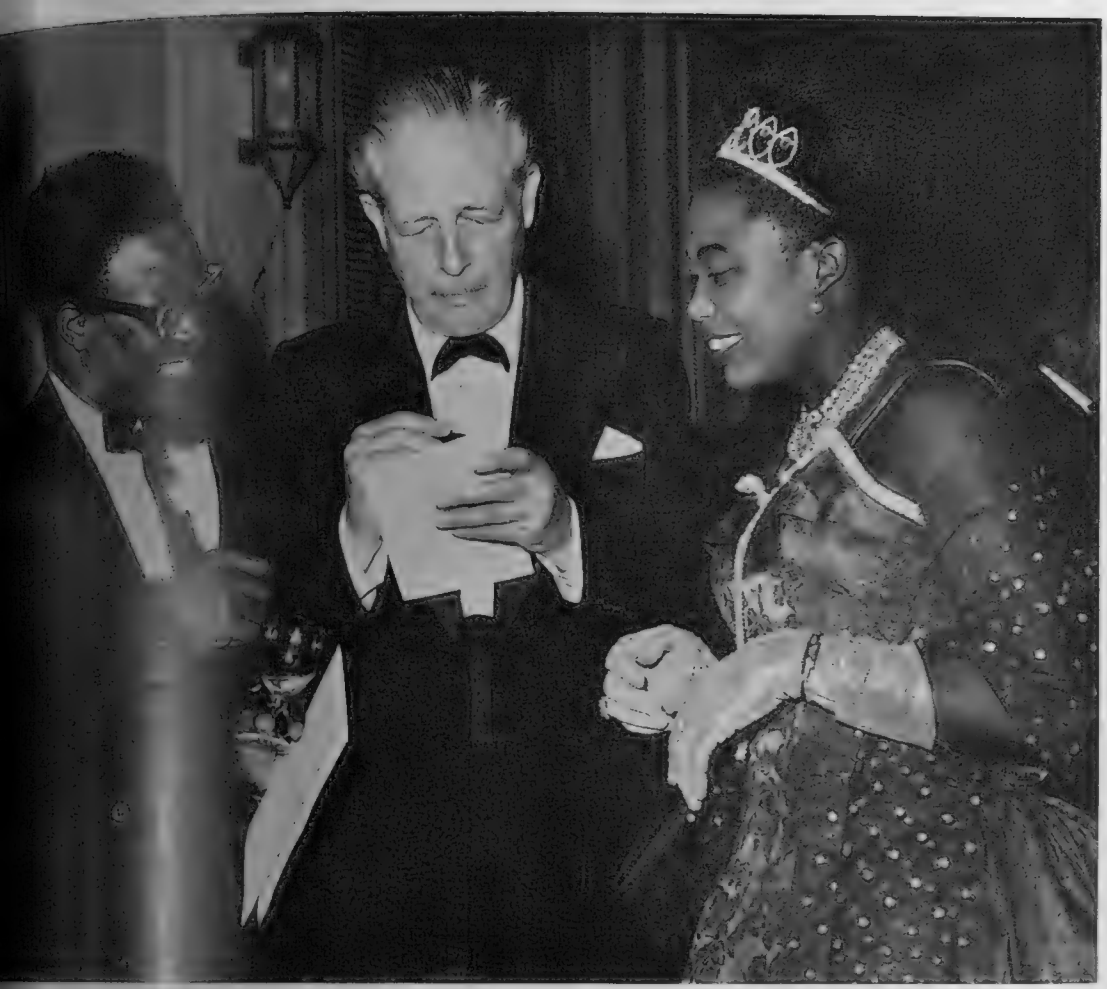
Mauritius also hopes to float a loan of 75 to 80 million rupees in the City of London next September in order to help finance development. Its political climate is capable of inspiring the confidence of financiers, as it appears to emerge as a model of a satisfactory multi-racial community. The Chief Minister, when in London, referred to his country as a social laboratory, where a tremendously successful experiment in racial relations is being concluded.

Above right: The Chief Minister of Mauritius, Dr Seewoosagar Ramgoolam

Above far right: The Director of the Island's Central Office of Information, Dr K. Hazareesingh

Right: A caterpillar tractor clearing land to make way for a tea plantation

Below: Cutting sugar cane on one of the big estates in the north of the island. Sugar cane occupies over 90 per cent. of the cultivated area of Mauritius. Over 63,000 people work in the important sugar industry



Top: At the Annual Dinner of the Britain-Nigeria Association in London, Mr Macmillan, the chief guest, signs his autograph for Mr Ralph Aniedobe and his wife, Peggy

Above: The British Honduras Constitutional Conference ends happily with agreement that the colony should have internal self-government. Mr Nigel Fisher (centre), Under-Secretary of State Colonial Office, shakes hands with Mr G. C. Price, First Minister and Minister of Finance, at the conclusion of the talks. On the left is Sir Peter Stallard, Governor of British Honduras

Left: The Litunga of Barotseland, Sir Mwanawina Lewanika III, and his son, Prince Silsii Mwanawina, on their way from their hotel in London to attend an Afternoon Party at Buckingham Palace. They are in London for constitutional talks with Mr Butler on the future of Barotseland, at present administered as part of Northern Rhodesia

BOOK REVIEWS

Yesterday's Rulers: By Robert Heussler. Syracuse University Press and London: Oxford University Press. 27s 6d in the UK only. A British Secretary of State for the Colonies in the inter-war years is said to have remarked of British colonial administration that it showed a consistent "autochthonous evolution and diversity of experiment in each separate dependency." In pathology, the term autochthonous means remaining confined to the part in which it first arose, and its application to the history of British colonial administration is apt. This is shown in this new book of importance to all students of the development of the Commonwealth. The book's sub-title is *The Making of the British Colonial Service* and the author is an American professor. There is a foreword by Sir John Macpherson, first Governor-General of Nigeria, and an introduction by Miss Margery Perham. At the outset of his appreciative criticism, the author makes it clear that he is not dealing with the old "White Dominions" nor with India and Pakistan, which before their independence came under a separate British Department of State. The Colonial Service was "overwhelmingly an African service and secondarily a South-east Asian service." Autochthony in the Colonial Empire had two effects: "It meant, first, that the civil service in each dependency had a character of its own from the beginning. Throughout the inter-war years the term 'colonial service' had for the most part only a legal integrity. A truly unified service in the French sense, one in which officials are transferred from colony to colony and continent to continent, has often been proposed and striven for. It has never become a reality. Secondly, the peoples living in each separate British colony have developed, willy-nilly, more according to their own cultural impulses than have the natives of French or Belgian dependencies."

There are indeed some excellent comparisons between British and continental European colonial practices. Britain's have always been practical and empirical. Those who have administered them have always been of this mould. Until comparatively recently, the key figure was the District Officer. He was not an expert. In the course of time he found himself having expert consultants but until the end of the last war, the D.O. was the final arbiter for his own area. As Professor Heussler points out, the Colonial Office in London left much policy-making to the Colonial Governors and their subordinates on the ground. The background to these colonial servants was the Public School and Oxford and Cambridge. Those responsible for their selection laid great emphasis upon choosing men of what they considered to be the right character. This formed what they believed to be, and what indeed it was, an impartial and dedicated public service. Such administrations, says the author, have not been left behind in the emergent states by the British colonial service, for these are British concepts and therefore inappropriate, but "*capable* administrations" remain. "And capable in their own way. That is the enduring monument to the colonial service"

Government and Politics in Africa: by T. Olawale Elias, Q.C. Asia Publishing House. 35s. The author is Federal Attorney-General and Minister of Justice for Nigeria and this is a revised and enlarged edition of his book already recognised as a standard work on Africa.

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

160 Cowes Week which begins this Saturday promises to be one of the greatest in recent years, even allowing for the additional attraction of the Fastnet Race. This biennial event always increases the number of boats in the handicap classes by adding substantial numbers of foreign competitors. The season to date indicates a boom year in ocean racing. The numbers of starters in most races have broken all records so far. The Dinard Race had the unprecedented number of 128 starters, a fleet of over 120 is expected to take part in this weekend's Channel Race, and a vast international armada of 130-odd vessels will join the struggle in the great classic of ocean racing, the Fastnet Race starting at Cowes on August 10.

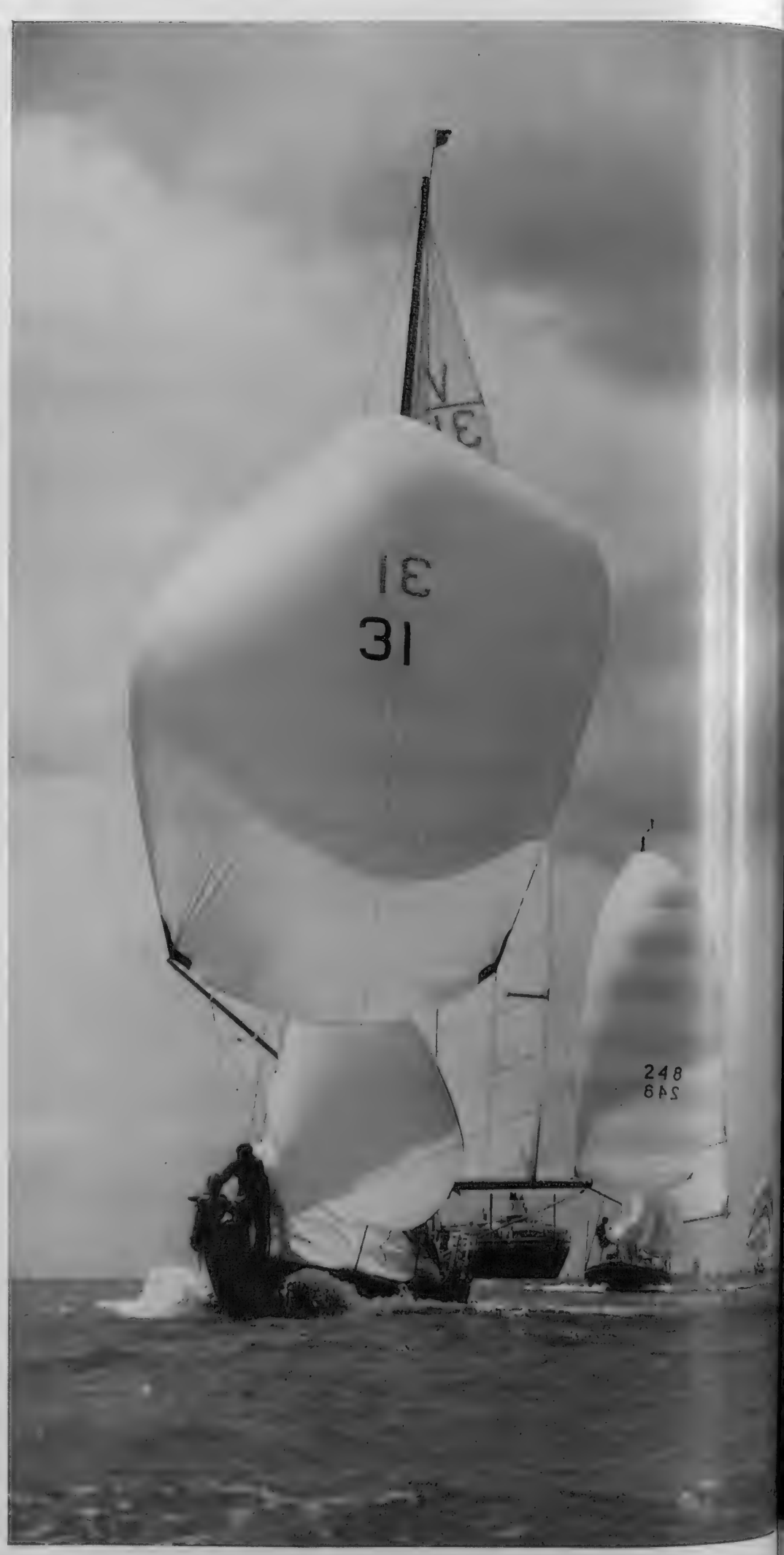
It is evident that such numbers cannot be accounted for by this season's special attractions only. More owners had more and better boats built in the last few seasons, and some of the increase is due simply to progress, the increasing popularity of yachting generally, and ocean racing in particular. The Fastnet has always attracted a few boats from abroad, but the equally biennial Admiral's Cup to be competed for for the fourth time this year has become the greatest attraction of all.

This trophy is awarded on the results of four important races and is open for competition to teams of three ocean racers of over 30 ft. L.W.L., from each country. Two of the races are long distance ocean races, the Channel Race and the Fastnet, the other two are the longer round-the-buoys races of Cowes Week: the Britannia Cup on the Tuesday and the New York Yacht Club Cup on Thursday. British teams won the Cup on the first two occasions, but it is held by the US, who won it in 1961.

Six countries have entered teams this year, the largest number to date: USA, Holland, Germany, Sweden, France and Great Britain. The defending US team, said to be the most formidable opponent, consists of the well-known *Figaro*, *Windrose* and *Dyna*. These were among the fleet of 14 yachts which fought their way across the Atlantic in a most gruelling race, bedevilled by an unusual amount of fog and gales. This has been the first Transatlantic Race held from the US to England since 1931.

The choice of the British team has caused many headaches to the RORC selectors, who had to choose three out of five aspirants all with practically the same amount of merit as regards racing performance to date. The final selection resulted in this team: *Outlaw* (the Hon. Max Aitken and R. Lowein), *Noryema III* (R. W. Amey) and *Clarion of Wight* (D. Boyer and D. Miller). The team was finally named after the Dinard Race in which *Outlaw* was winner of Class I, and *Noryema III* not only headed Class II, but had the best corrected time overall.

At Cowes a massive international fleet of the racing yachts from two continents will have a magnificent gathering of larger vessels for a backcloth. The Royal Yacht *Britannia* will be there, surrounded by warships of the Royal Navy.



Far left: Yachts on a spinnaker run at Cowes Week in 1962

Left: *Vaudair*, *Tyrella* and *Masquerade* at Cowes in 1962

Below left: The *Sunday Times SigneTs* set out from St Margaret's for Calais. The white cliffs of Dover recede into the distance

Below: Mr and Mrs Martin sail past the pierhead into Calais harbour after crossing the Channel

As a demonstration of their seaworthiness, four *Sunday Times SigneT* dinghies set sail recently from St. Margaret's Bay for Calais. They were commanded by Group Captain Searl, the principal of Emsworth Sailing School. Carol Guest crewed for the Group Captain, and the other boats were manned by John Nicholls, the Class Secretary, with Patricia Newbury; by Mr and Mrs Geoffrey Martin; and by Ian Ross with Anne Allen. The weather was almost perfect for the start at 6 a.m. However, soon after the flotilla left with a motor-boat escort, fog descended. The breeze, however, was still strong enough for headway to be made, and the fog and hazards of Channel shipping quickly receded. Later, ST50 broke a rudder and had to be towed into Calais by one of the motor-boats.

FLAT BUT INTERESTING

Photographs by Geoffrey Hart

It has sometimes been said that Essex is flat and uninteresting. It is true the county has no high hills, the highest is 360 ft. But to say it is uninteresting is precisely the opposite of the truth. In less than an hour's run by road from central London you can find yourself in a countryside with the choice of a wide variety of scenery, rural or industrial.

Villages with pond, church and school, overhanging trees, and children, usually in the road, nestle close to industrial estates, cement factories, saw mills or highly organised pleasure grounds; wild open estuaries give way to neat harbours and small fishing ports.

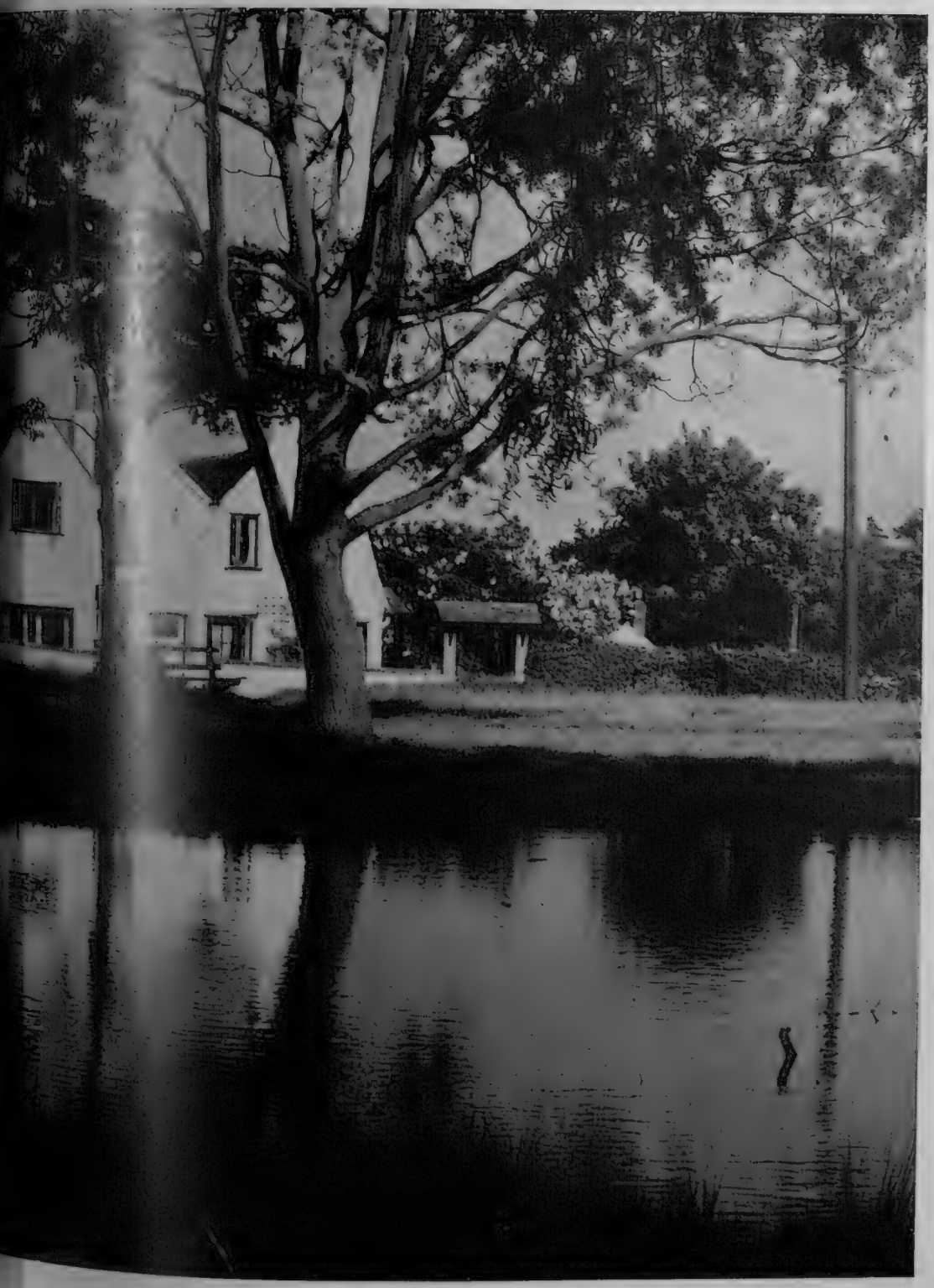
The tales, histories and relics of our forefathers to be found in Essex go back long before the Roman Conquest, and the Essex bank of the Thames was a Roman bridgehead. Splendours of the county range from the incredible and magnificent Tudor gatehouse of Layer Marney to the minute and starkly simple chapel of St. Peter-on-the-Wall on the coast, near Bradwell-Juxta-Mare.

The beautiful estuaries, rich in wild life, add to the tales of antiquity. Their shores and nearby villages echo with smugglers' yarns—the Blackwater and Colne were the terror of the excisemen. Famous hiding places abound and names such as Brandy Hole remain to remind us of this extensive traffic.

Above right: A scene of quietness under the tower of St Mary's Maldon, in Essex. The base of the tower is of very early origin

Right: A Dutch barge on the Chelmer canal waits in a lock to go out to the estuary

Below: In the courtyard of the Blue Boar at Maldon. The old timber house, which dates from the time of Elizabeth I, was once the home of the Earls of Oxford



Above left: At Bradwell-on-Sea. It is one of the popular centres for sailing in Essex. Nearby is a new nuclear power station

Left: Eve's Pond at Danbury near Chelmsford. This picturesque village on a hill is part of the Danbury and Lingwood Common National Trust preserve

Top: The tomb of Sir William Marney, who died in 1360, in the church at Layer Marney, near Kelvedon

Above: The Ark at Heybridge basin was built originally to house workmen who were engaged in constructing the lock from the Chelmer to the Blackwater Estuary. It is now a private residence

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

BANK HOLIDAY EXODUS

164 Next Monday the village will be empty. Save for a few elderly and enthusiastic gardeners and a few tired commuters—who persist, presumably for status reasons, in adding about four hours to the daily toil by living in the country though working in London and so are much too weary to enjoy the countryside in which they live—the village will be empty: so empty, for it is not sufficiently photogenic to be a tourist attraction, that for the day the main street virtually belongs to the cats. It is August Bank Holiday; and the village goes to the seaside.

It makes an early start. We are only a matter of 30 miles from the sea, but that matters not. It seems to be a point of honour to be away as early as possible; most will have gone by eight o'clock, and few will be back much before midnight. It really is an extraordinary thing, this August Bank Holiday exodus. Easter Monday is spent quietly enough; the men working in their gardens, perhaps watching a match in the afternoon, spending the evening in the "local" or in front of the telly. Whit Monday, too, is spent in much the same fashion. But August Bank Holiday is spent at the seaside: that is a "must." You would think that a visit to the seaside was something very unusual, something very special.

It was once. It was so, even within the memory of people still living in the village. For that matter, there are men and women in the village today for whom a Bank Holiday once really was a holiday: men and women who, normally, had no other holidays in the year except Bank Holidays, simply because they could not afford to have them. Moreover, in those days transport was a problem. Even as recently as 35 years ago there was only a once-weekly bus service connecting the village with the neighbouring town. In those days a visit to the seaside was something very special indeed: so special that when I first came to this neighbourhood, 30-odd years ago, there were two or three old folk in the village who had never experienced it, who had never seen the sea a mere thirty miles away.

Time and transport move so fast that it is very difficult to believe that now. Even when public transport did come, as it did early in the '30's, wages were so low that there were few agricultural labourers who could afford to take a real holiday, to go away for a week or so. So they saved up for the one more or less free Bank Holiday—there is little urgent work necessary in the vegetable garden early in August—clubbed together, and went to the seaside. It was a very special day, a glorious frolic.

But now: well now, the town has virtually overrun the village. Much of the farmland has disappeared beneath housing estates, and most of the men now earn their livings in light industry and not on the land. They work a five-day week, and there is plenty of money about. Almost all the young unmarried men have motor cycles, many of the older married men a motor vehicle of some sort. For those that have not, there is now a frequent bus service: not only into the town, but also, every half-hour, with but one change to a good connecting service, to the sea.

Not only is there plenty of money about: there is plenty of time in which to spend it. All those with some form of motor vehicle, but especially the young men and their girls, are away most weekends; either on the Saturday or the Sunday, in summer probably both. As often as not, they go to the seaside: and not merely to the nearest point. Brighton and Worthing, Bournemouth and Eastbourne and Hastings, even Weymouth and Margate, are as familiar as Bognor and Southsea. There is no longer anything special about the seaside.

For that matter there is no longer anything special about a Bank Holiday. There is no longer any need for them. The man working a five-day week does not need a Bank Holiday for rest and refreshment. For trade and industry generally (excluding fun fairs and bingo establishments) the Bank Holiday is simply an irritating, and quite unnecessary, interruption.

Yet August Bank Holiday remains August Bank Holiday: off to the seaside goes the village. Few, I believe, really want to go. But it is traditional, this August Bank Holiday seaside excursion, part of the way of life. Part of the old tradition, stemming from the hard times, lingers on. You may have a motor car, a television, a fridge and a washing machine, but you do not waste money in cafes: you take sandwiches with you. So the village goes off, armed with enormous picnic meals and transistor radios. The money is spent in the bars, on iced lollies for the children, in the fun fairs, and in the bingo booths; especially the bingo booths. Some August Bank Holiday-makers, I am convinced, never even see the sea: they go straight into a bingo booth, and stay there pretty well all day.

Make no mistake about it, they have a really lovely time. Not because they are at the seaside—they are familiar enough with that—but because it is August Bank Holiday and *crowded*. It is the crowd that makes all the difference. I believe that we could well scrap Easter Monday and Whit Monday as Bank Holidays and, doing so, create scarcely a ripple on the pond of national life. But scrap August Bank Holiday and there would be something approaching revolution. August Bank Holiday was our forefathers' seaside holiday.

We are a gregarious people. The more crowded, the more uncomfortable, the more exciting, the more people, the better. Even the traffic jams are welcomed. Those who think that the slow passage to the sea, the still slower crawl home, the three-mile long blocks, irritate the August Bank Holiday-maker are wrong. They please him: because they convince him that he is doing the right thing. My August Bank Holiday? Well, I am an elderly and enthusiastic gardener.

DENHAM

The visitor to Denham Golf Club will find a splendid course awaiting him; sporting and varied. It was laid out by Mr H. S. Colt and contains many of the characteristics for which his courses are famous. The first hole is a grand opener; the second a much tougher proposition, and the third is guarded by a remarkable hump known as the "Himalayas." From the fourth there is an exhilarating view, but the hole is fraught with danger. The fifth hole is a one-shotter. At the sixth care is needed to keep in bounds. The seventh is a difficult four, the eighth a testing short. The ninth turns the golfer towards the clubhouse again and presents some awkward bunkers in its final stages. The first hole of the second half holds no great terrors, nor does the 11th with its picturesque dip to the green. The 12th is a pretty, one-shot hole; the 13th rather more at 513 yards. This is the longest hole of the course. The 14th may involve a visit to the rough and the next one is a slight-right dog-leg requiring careful putting on the green. The 16th is another short, and its bogey of three should be within the competence of most. The fairway to the 17th has staggered bunkering, most unusual and interesting in design. The last hole demands as much attention as ever; a slack shot here would almost certainly land a golfer in the sand. The clubhouse he returns to after that final hole is a delight to the eyes. Parts of it are old, though most of it is quite modern.

Opposite page: A view from the gorse patch towards the fourth green

Top left: Driving off from the tee for the short 12th hole

Left: From left to right: Mr E. Radbone (Secretary), Mr J. W. U. Moir (Chairman) and Mr Frank Trumper (Captain of the Club)

Below left: A view of the fine clubhouse from the North. It has belonged to the Club since 1944

Below: The dining-room of Denham Golf Club, with timbered roof and trophies of the chase upon the wall. There are comfortable lounges beyond

RHINE AND MOSELLE

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

The Rhine is a versatile river, and often so vivacious in movement that one can forgive it the somewhat lugubrious colour of its waters. It is an immensely democratic river. Coal barges and cargo boats flying the flags of a half-dozen different nations nudge their way through the wash of dapper sightseeing paddle steamers or those latest sleek white motorships such as the *Europa*, complete with swimming pool and most other attributes of an ocean-going liner.

On these one can travel for anything from a few minutes to many days. With the 15-day *botel* cruises offered by Cornelders, for example, one travels from Holland right to the Swiss border and back, anchored overnight in port, with shore excursions en route. The largest of the Rhineland companies, the Köln-Düsseldorfer Steamship Company, has about 30 ships of almost every shape and size, plying anything from the entire length of the river (five-six days upstream, four days down) to all-stations river-bus routes in between. Nor are their pleasures withheld from motorists, since a special pilot scheme exists with a driver to take your car for you on selected sections of the route.

Scenically, the most famous portion of the river is that romantic Middle Rhine that extends for 100 miles from Königswinter to Mainz. The most romantic of all lies between Coblenz and Rüdesheim. This is the stretch overhung with castles brooding high among the vineyards, where every hilltop offers yet another extraordinary view, where the resorts elbow their way in between slopes and shore, or clamber back into the mouths of deep little valleys that eventually lead into the hills of Eifel of Westerwald, Taunus or Hunsrück.

This is the stretch, too, where the haunting songs of a golden-haired siren drew sailors to a watery doom—a legend not without some foundation, for even today no vessel may turn the sheer corner of the Lorelei Rock without a pilot on board. The Lorelei legend is only the most famous of many whose reading adds considerably to one's enjoyment of this stretch of the Rhine. Every castle has its story, and nearly every castle can be visited. Some have restaurants, others house youth hostels, and one, a gem of a craggy place dominating Oberwesel, is partly a hotel. Here, behind walls 1,000 years old, just the right modern touches (including private baths) have been added. In the evening, when turrets and broken walls glow in the illuminations high above the dark Rhine, there is no more romantic place.

Nearly every resort can claim great age, but Oberwesel, with 16 of its old towers and much of its walls still standing, is the most visibly old. Boppard would be more lively (Hotel Bellevue), while I liked Assmannshausen for its Hotel Krone, its wine houses in general and the Nassauer Hof in particular, and for the fine views from the chair lift that leads up above the forests to the Niederwald. This piece of rolling plateau is about two miles across and the far side of it is crowned, not very beautifully, by the Niederwald National Monument from which there is yet another remarkable Rhineland view. A cable car takes you down again above part of the great green sea of the Rheingau vineyards to Rüdesheim, home of Germany's Asbach brandy, and another lively place for convivial wine-house evenings in the Drosselgasse. One only regrets the souvenir shops that, alas, are as much of a blemish here as elsewhere. From Rüdesheim you are strategically well placed for visiting Wiesbaden, the Taunus Mountains and beyond.

Towards the other end of the Middle Rhine, Linz is a lovely little resort, crammed with 16th and 17th century houses and with a new castle hotel. It lies about 25 miles north of Coblenz, that gateway to the castle country where in summer operettas are performed on a floating stage on the Rhine, or operas and concerts in the quiet gardens of the ancient House of the Teutonic Knights. On the second Saturday in August, the Rhine is aflame with illuminations for ten miles along its shores culminating in the brilliant fireworks that burst above the fortress overlooking Coblenz and the mouth of the Moselle.

Lovely indeed is the Moselle valley which in no way need cede first place to the Rhine. The waters are less wide, but the hills crowd in more closely, the curling bends follow in swifter succession. The vineyards are everywhere, too, and the quaint quiet villages strung out at short intervals, almost invariably in twin sections facing each other across the river. Cochem, Zell (whose Castle Hotel really

Left: Fireworks in the night sky over the Rhine at Coblenz. **Below:** The castle at Cochem overlooking the valley of the Moselle

is yet another castle), Traben-Trarbach, Bernkastel are the largest—but not too large—of the pretty places.

Climax of the Moselle for seekers of history is Trier, close to the Luxembourg border, for here lie the finest Roman remains to be found north of the Alps. The amphitheatre, in spite of its absence of seating (pillaged by 11th century Christians to build the Cathedral), is near perfect. The Emperor's Baths, where even now excavations are in progress, are still revealing long-held secrets. The far-famed Porta Nigra yields some nice human touches, such as the doodles of stonecutters whose identity can never be known.

Life, however, is not standing still on the Moselle. Geography has placed it in a position of vast economic importance between the industrial areas of France and the Rhine, and this natural link is in process of exploitation to the tune of some 800 million marks, two-thirds contributed by France. Fourteen dams—ten of them in Germany—will make the Moselle eventually navigable from Coblenz to Metz and, already next year, the 110-mile-stretch Coblenz-Trier will be ready. When it is, everyone no doubt will breathe a sigh of relief, not least the Moselle villagers themselves, for the works in progress hardly improved the appearance of several sections of their valley.

Though the causes are primarily economic, the effects will have great repercussions on the accessibility to non-motorists of the upper reaches of the Moselle. Along with the cargo boats, pleasure vessels will be able to go all the way to Trier, as well as motor-boats and canoes for which this is such an ideal waterway.

July to September is wine-festival time along the Rhine and Moselle as the casks are emptied ready for the fruits of the next harvest. The biggest events include those of Bernkastel and Rüdesheim (both in September), but there are almost as many others as there are villages in the region. Then indeed does the wine flow and many a palate tingle with the sweet-sharp tang drawn from the slate of the soil.

For further information: German Tourist Information Bureau, 61, Conduit Street, London, W.1.

Means of access: London-Cologne, by BEA, Lufthansa, Sabena, etc., from £24 14s tourist return to £33 11s 1st-class return. Thence Cologne-Coblenz by rail, about £1 15s 2nd-class return; £2 5s 1st-class return. London-Coblenz, via Harwich-Hook of Holland, from £13 2s 2nd-class return; from £19 1st-class return. There is a small supplement for use of TEE trains, such as the excellent Rhinegold Express (1st class only).

BY DOCTORS ABOUT DOCTORS

168 **Under the Doctor** edited by Hubert Cole: Heinemann. 25s, is an anthology by doctors, about doctors and has a strong slant towards the patient's eye view. It is a fascinating volume and, since the work of doctors whether fiction or fact is headed pretty generally for a best-seller list, it should have all kinds of success. Among the contributors whose work has been chosen with good sense and wit by Mr Cole there are extracts from the writings of Smollett and A. J. Cronin, George Eliot and John Aubrey and some examples of doctoring, surgery and anaesthesia far nearer our own day. In the section on Very Important Patients you will find George III, Napoleon and Bernard Shaw—the "Deviationist"—while the chapters on the unprofessional and the orthodox contain much that is serious and not a little that is downright alarming. I should add that this is by no means a book for hypochondriacs.

Seaweed for Breakfast by Nina Epton: Cassell. 30s, tells you, as a sapient child once observed, more than you want to know about the domestic life of the modern Japanese. Miss Epton writes with the vitality and curiosity which are the ideal attributes of the traveller-cum-researcher and has made an amazingly thorough job of her inquiries into the present-day habits, thought, entertainment, religion, schooling, industries, art and housekeeping of up-to-date Nippon, as observed during her three months' stay in the main island of Honshu and the southern island of Kyushu. An impressive tome and well illustrated by photographs taken during the trip.

Herman Melville by Lewis Mumford: Secker and Warburg. 25s, is a reprint of this scholarly study of one of America's greatest imaginative writers, first published in 1929, and has a brief new preface by Mr Mumford, describing some of the changes that have come about during the past 30 years in the general approach towards Melville. His *Moby Dick* not only remains a masterpiece but possibly receives more critical appreciation nowadays than in the century of its conception. "Let the reader treat this book as a guidepost . . . on the original narrow country lane of Melville scholarship," writes the scholar and philosopher. "That road has now turned into a six-lane motorway, busy with traffic. . . ." Good advice and, as Mr Mumford says, his task will have been well done if readers henceforward ask for no better guide than Melville himself.

A Free Agent by Frederic Wakeman: Collins. 18s, is a big lusty story by the author of the best-selling *Hucksters*, and deals with such matters of grim moment as American government agencies, as it might be the CIA and their undercover activities after World War II. Counter-espionage is the work of Mr Wakeman's hero, and its constant dangers, together with an equally constant state of alertness, make a dedicated man of him; one who comes to realise almost too late that he has an intimately personal life with which he must also come to terms. I found this novel really gripping and the urgent, rough-and-ready manner of its narration completely suitable to the subject.

"Head of a Woman, study for the Massacre de Scio," by Eugene Delacroix, is one of the illustrations in **Delacroix** by Lee Johnson: Weidenfeld and Nicholson. 25s. This is another of this publisher's handy and well-produced studies of individual painters. They are well illustrated in colour and black and white

The Fire Next Time by James Baldwin: Michael Joseph. 13s 6d, contains the full text of an explosive article, *Down at the Cross*, which appeared in a New York magazine a few months ago and which was both a plea and a warning to the author's fellow Americans to look to the state of their land as it is concerned with the negro and the white. Mr Baldwin, probably America's finest negro writer, expresses himself with a kind of passionate lucidity. "If we do not falter in our duty now," he writes, "we may be able . . . to end the racial nightmare, and achieve our country, and change the history of the world." The rest of the short book is devoted to a letter to Mr Baldwin's nephew, written on the 100th anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves.

Giovanni's Room by James Baldwin. Michael Joseph. 21s, and **Go Tell it on the Mountain** Michael Joseph. 21s, are new editions of two powerful, reputation-making novels published within the past ten years.

July 14 Assassination by Ben Abro: Jonathan Cape. 16s, is an extremely topical thriller about an attempt on the life of General de Gaulle and written by a man who, as it is explained, has adopted a pseudonym for security reasons. Exciting, as might be expected, and making effective use of fact and fiction.

Double Exposure by Donald Mackenzie: Crime Club. 12s 6d, can be recommended

SPANISH TRAGEDY

The Civil War in Spain 1936-1939 gathered and annotated by Robert Payne: Secker and Warburg. 36s. One of the tragedies of the Spanish Civil War, as it is in respect of all wars in some degree, was the blunting of men's sensibilities. So much blood flowed that indignation and horror gave way to weariness, acceptance and a sense of utter futility. In a series of eye-witness accounts of the war gathered together by Robert Payne and culled from many sources, from all points indeed of the political spectrum, this atmosphere of bleakness and futility remains amid all the heroism and the acts of courage that made the defence of the Alcazar, the defence of Madrid, the battles around Teruel, the crossing of the Ebro, the historic events that they were. George Orwell, Arturo Barea, Ilya Ehrenburg, Tom Wintringham, Arthur Koestler, and André Malraux contribute to this sad symposium. Those who believe the oft-repeated tale that the Balearics lived on in sunlit splendour while the war raged on the Peninsula should read the account of Majorca and Ibiza by George Bernanos, the French Catholic novelist, and the descent upon the islands of Arconvaldo Bonaccorsi, the bearded and barrel-chested Italian Fascist adventurer who called himself General Count Aldo Rossi, although he was no general, no count, and not named Rossi.

Livingstone's African Journal 1853-1856 edited with an introduction by I. Schapera: Chatto and Windus, set of two volumes. 70s. When Livingstone began his work in Africa the map was virtually a blank from Kuruman to Timbuktu. His Zambesi Expedition, which began in 1853, was one of the highlights of his 30 years' work, during which he travelled through one-third of the continent. He told his story in *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa* 1857, but the journal, now published almost in its entirety for the first time, and edited with distinction by Professor Schapera, reveals some marked differences from the 1857 volume in which Livingstone must often have relied on memory alone. Livingstone's adverse comments on Portuguese rule in Angola and various Portuguese associated with the slave trade find a much lesser place in *Missionary Travels* than they do in this day-to-day journal of the explorer's observations and experiences. Livingstone too omitted much about his frequent attacks of illness. The journal is a great revelation as we see a policy for Africa maturing in the mind of this astonishing man.

Land of Tempest: Travels in Patagonia 1958-1962 by Eric Shipton: Hodder and Stoughton. 25s. Eric Shipton is a modern-day adventurer with a taste for strange country. He will always be remembered for his exploration of the Western Cwm which opened up the route to the summit of Everest, and, as he admits, he found it hard to break the habit of travelling among the mountain ranges of Central Asia. This he did, however, between 1958 and 1962, penetrating the little-known land of Southern Patagonia and tackling some of the unclimbed peaks of Tierra del Fuego, the while camping, sledging and ploughing through what were at times howling blizzards. Even in the vileness of Southern Patagonia's weather Mr Shipton seems to have found some satisfaction. To find himself on terms of intimacy with a wild region is the height of pleasure for this intrepid traveller.

as not only the best thriller of the week or the month, but probably of the whole season. With a handful of books—two of them quite excellent—to his credit, Mr Mackenzie has now given us the thriller that he is capable of writing: perfectly balanced, mounting to an almost unbearable tension and containing some passages of dialogue which could scarcely be bettered for naturalism and pungency. If this story of a professional safe-cracker on a government mission doesn't hold you to the edge of your chair in a fine state of jitters then I really believe you should never read a book of this *genre* again.

Gideon's Ride by J. J. Marric: Hodder and Stoughton. 15s. This, as we now know, is a pseudonym of Mr John Creasey's. In the present instance, a bus ride provides the opening of a series of crimes and Gideon leaves his Scotland Yard desk to get to grips with the guilty men. A good vintage Marric-Creasey.

The Zebra-Striped Hearse by Ross Macdonald: Crime Club. 15s, demonstrates what I have been saying for some years: that Mr Macdonald is one of the two or three best Americans now writing in what is, loosely, the Chandler tradition. Californian setting and some involved but logically worked-out sleuthing. Good human interest, too

Try Anything Once by A. A. Fair: Heinemann. 13s 6d, is a moderately light-hearted thriller by Erle Stanley Gardner who uses this other name when relating the exploits of his small sleuth, Donald Lam and his outsize partner, Bertha Cool. This one is very readable and not too bloodthirsty.

Murder Strikes Pink by Josephine Pullein-Thompson: Hammond. 13s 6d, has an authentic and pretty unusual setting of show-jumping, horse boxes and a *milieu* in which the competitive spirit is not always reserved for the ring. Cosy rather than creepy. **Vernon Fane**

On Safari by Armand Denis: Collins. 25s. Driven by a passionate curiosity and equipped with a biologist's training, Armand Denis, another man with a flare for travel, has spent a fair part of his life observing wild animals. His films have given pleasure to millions. This autobiography, with its photographs, is a notable record of his journeys in Africa, South America, and the Far East.

The Dillinger Days by John Toland: Arthur Barker. 27s 6d. For 13 violent months in the 1930s John Dillinger and his gang played hell in the American Middle West. Dillinger was Public Enemy No. 1, and a very nasty example of the human species. Mr Toland's book is a vivid portrayal of the crime world of the Great Depression, and a very depressing one to boot.

Improve Your Cricket by Trevor Bailey and **Improve Your Golf** by Bill Cox: both published by Penguin Books at 5s, provide first-class coaching by word and picture. The method is familiar enough, but these two little handbooks are particularly well done. **Richard Edmonds**

THE PROVOK'D WIFE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY REG WILSON

Above: Lady Brute (Eileen Atkins) and Belinda (Ann Bell) in a scene from Vanbrugh's play
Left: Heartfree (Dinsdale Landen) and Constant (John Warner) engaged in plotting

Vanbrugh's coarse-grained humour, more often cheerfully vulgar than witty, appears to go down well today. *The Provok'd Wife*, by tradition written while Vanbrugh was in the Bastille, was first performed in 1697 and established the dramatist's reputation. It remained a favourite throughout the 18th century. The play came back to London, at the Vaudeville, last week in the Prospect Productions' version, directed by Toby Robertson, already seen in Oxford and the Georgian Theatre at Richmond. The situations are clearly outlined; Constant's hoped-for intrigue with Lady Brute, which provides the spring of the plot, although spanning all three acts, does not appear unduly prolonged. And some subsidiary incidents—Sir John's drunken transvestism for instance—are played for all they're worth.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **J. D. O. KNOWLES**

Mr J. D. O. Knowles became the Chairman of T. Wall and Sons (Ice Cream) Ltd., in 1956 at the age of 41. He joined Unilever in 1937 as a young trainee for Wall's ice cream, where his early sales efforts included selling direct to the public from a "Stop Me and Buy One" tricycle. As head of the world's largest ice cream company, with factories in Gloucester and Acton, nearly 100 cold store depots throughout Britain and exports to several overseas countries, his long experience of the industry was reflected this year in his election for a third term as Chairman of the Ice Cream Federation. Born in Hoylake, Cheshire, and educated at Harrow, he attended Heidelberg University and read languages. Following graduation he worked for the Liverpool Cotton Exchange learning almost every aspect of the business which eventually took him to Argentina. After his return to Britain he joined Unilever. During the last war he served with the Royal Artillery in France, India and Burma. After a period at the Staff College in Quetta, India, he emerged a Lieut.-Colonel. With demobilisation, he returned to Wall's as assistant to the Sales Director. During this period he spent three months in the United States at the Advanced Management Programme at Harvard University. His foresight and faith in the ice cream industry played a significant part in establishing the all-year-round popularity which ice cream enjoys as a sweet as well as a food. Later, he became Director of both the meat and ice cream companies and then Chairman of T. Wall and Sons (Ice Cream) Ltd., when the two companies became independent units seven years ago. Wall's head office (formerly in Wembley) has moved recently into a new block in the grounds of the Gloucester factory. Mr Knowles is moving with his wife and daughter into a new home in Cheltenham. He has another married daughter and three grandchildren. His favourite forms of relaxation include gardening and yachting

ASKING THE CONSUMER

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

It would be interesting to know how many domestic consumers of coal in Britain are aware that for the past 16 years their interests have, in theory at least, been looked after by a statutory Coal Consumers' Council; or have heard of anything that this council has ever done on their behalf. One has an unfortunate feeling that the number would be very few. This is an estimable body—at present under the chairmanship of a notable champion of consumers' interests in many fields, Baroness Burton of Coventry. Each year it presents a painstaking report on supplies of solid fuel to the domestic market during the previous winter; during the year it handles a certain number of complaints from coal customers who have been unable to get satisfaction from their coal and coke merchants. Nevertheless, its public impact is a severely muted one: its critics have often argued that it is too diplomatic in its comments about the service fuel customers get, arguably because the Council includes actual officials of the National Coal Board and the Gas Council, the very organisations it needs to complain about.

This kind of consumers' council, with representation of the trades in question, derives from ideas of the immediate post-war period; such councils indeed date from the actual nationalisation acts for coal and other industries taken over by the state. During the past year the domestic coal council encountered—perhaps the phrase should be "had a brush with"—one of the more recent kinds of consumers' organisation, the Consumer Advisory Council of the British Standards Institution which up to some months ago published one of the consumer research magazines, *Shoppers' Guide.*

Shoppers' Guide had embarked rather brashly but enterprisingly upon something that the longer-established council had never done—testing and giving its own verdict upon the quality of fuels, in this case solid smokeless fuels, supplied by the trade. Its results were pretty critical, complaining about variability of quality, the delivery of coke wet, so that the customer may be paying quite highly for moisture that simply detracts from the fuel's purpose of supplying heat, and of ash and dust content. The sample used was not immense; fuel was tested on 113 occasions during the winter, which may not have been very representative; but the testing was clearly objective. The older Domestic Coal Consumers' Council reacted a little sharply to this venture by an outside body; it asked for, but was not supplied with, the full test details concerned, and other research data *Shoppers' Guide* had collected. It discussed the complaints with the trade, and later issued a report backed by a press conference arguing that the conclusions drawn from the survey by *Shoppers' Guide* were too sweeping in their criticisms of coke and patent fuel quality, though commending the survey as the first attempt to apply objective tests to the kinds of fuel that consumers actually get.

Problems of supply

These two kinds of representation of consumers—the body set up to discuss conditions of supply and problems that arise with suppliers whose interests are assumed to be broadly in line with those of customers and the other kind of organisation that concentrates simply on how products and services measure up to what consumers might expect—are almost inevitably at odds. (*Shoppers' Guide* is no longer published, while there are no signs that the Domestic Coal Consumers' Council will ever cease to be with us; on the other hand, in future it may from time to time encounter the Consumers' Advisory Council, whose publication *Which?* is even more rumbustiously unconcerned with what suppliers may have to say for themselves.) It may be inevitable, too, that the newer kind of organisation will inevitably get more publicity than the old, and make more of an impact on the public consciousness, whether or not it makes more on what goes on being supplied.

Both kinds of organisation have their uses; and some of the shortcomings argued to exist in the *Shoppers' Guide* survey may have indicated real difficulties in applying consumer testing techniques efficiently to unbranded and not really homogeneous products such as coal. The product is never likely to be the same everywhere or all the time; the customer gets his coal through thousands of retailers whose control over the product that they buy is extremely limited; only in very few cases is the National Coal Board itself selling direct. Gas Boards have usually more direct contacts with the coke consumer; but in both cases the customer's ignorance of just what may be wrong with the stuff he tries to burn may necessarily throw any organisation trying to help him back upon consultation with the supplier to a much greater degree than in the case of a particular branded article—of which *Which?* can simply buy a few more for testing or the Consumers' Advisory Council send the sample that went wrong back to the manufacturer.

Need for commercial liaison

Neither kind of organisation, however, necessarily represents the ideal kind of liaison between the consumer and the trades and industries that supply him. It is customarily argued that the old maxim of "Caveat Emptor," or let the buyer beware, no longer holds good in a market where a growing proportion of goods are sophisticated products or appliances that the customer cannot be expected to know about or judge for himself. But the activity of the coal consumers' council demonstrates that the same is true for an entirely traditional raw product. Coal and the smokeless solid fuels made from it are changing in quality both as a result of productive techniques and, in the case of the patent fuels, through deliberate improvements in processing. For the most part, the processing improvements that make for efficiency in production of these fuels, and should moderate their cost, may also tend to make them better products for the householder to burn; the same cannot be said of modern coal-cutting apparatus, which has a tendency to "degrade" the saleable coal, in spite of recent efforts to check or offset this by better grading or the modification of power-loaders.

From the point of view of the manufacturer or the supplier, rather little seems to have been done to improve purely commercial liaison with the actual consumer of one's product, except to the extent that he is a potential repeat buyer, to be persuaded with advertising not to try a different brand. Some companies carry out a certain amount of after-sales inquiry with new products, to see how these are being received; rather more, perhaps, survey likes and dislikes of existing products when they are considering the properties and the points of appeal that might be emphasised in a product they later intend to bring out. So far as repairs and maintenance service is concerned, some companies do this well, while many almost grudgingly supply the least they can get away with. But very few publicise these services much (which is understandable, though exceptional companies such as Volkswagen, when selling abroad, appear to have done very well by doing so).

Few admit to having any steady contact with customers through advisory panels on design or development. There are various semi-independent bodies giving generally unprejudiced advice on, for example, central heating; but commercial data about costs in such fields are so bitterly disputed between different fuel suppliers that the advice has often to be prudently and technically circumscribed.

Both the older and the newer kinds of consumer organisation have certain advantages here; but the economy still lacks, in most of the manufacturing industries at least, any element of positive liaison and two-way discussion about what business is going to produce for the consumer, as against complaint or criticism of what it has produced for the consumer. This positive process is not an easy one to define or to develop: one marketing executive recently put it to me that "Our business is to help the potential consumer discover what he wants. He doesn't know it yet." But singling it out and making it effective could be the most important contribution of the new national Consumers' Council that the Government has now set up.

Work on the foundations of the new Hilton Hotel being built in Tunis is being carried out by Cementation Ltd., the contractors for the hotel. To cost £2½ million, the hotel is due to be completed in October, 1965

SHORT'S LONG HISTORY

172 Unique in the British aircraft industry today, Short Brothers and Harland is the only section of it to be State-controlled. Of late something of a question has been hanging over its future through lack of orders. But it should not be forgotten that it has on offer two aircraft—the Skyvan and the Belfast—which live up to a reputation which has grown over 50 years. Short have the proud boast of being the first manufacturers of aircraft in Britain. Early in the firm's history, two traits became evident—an enthusiastic support of the seaplane and flying-boat and secondly an advanced design ability. The photographs on these two pages, from an exhibition at the firm's new London headquarters in Berkeley Square, show the strong family resemblances of their aircraft. One other point should be mentioned. In recent years Short have done an immense amount of experimental work, notably with the SC-1. Fitted with Rolls-Royce lift engines, this first multi-engined vertical take-off aircraft led the way to today's VTOL aircraft, and is still engaged on significant research.

Top right: These four early aircraft produced by Short date from the pioneering days of British aviation. In the top row are, first: one of the six Wright biplanes, built by Short at Leysdown, ordered from the firm by Orville and Wilbur Wright as the first production order of aircraft ever made. Next to it is a bombing aircraft built by Short in 1916, with a 250 h.p. Rolls-Royce engine. Underneath is, left, the S.41, one of the firm's first seaplanes. The picture shows Commander Samson, RN, as pilot, with Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, as passenger. The aircraft played a conspicuous part in the 1912 naval manoeuvres. Next to it is the Silver Streak, built in 1920, and the first British aircraft of all-metal construction. Of advanced design, its example was not followed in Britain for some years

Right: In the years before the Second World War, Short became famous and successful through their long line of passenger flying-boats. The first of these was the Cromarty, with two 600 h.p. Rolls-Royce engines and a range getting on for a 1,000 miles. The chain of development from this aircraft led right through to the Sunderlands of the last war

Below right: A Kent Class four-engined flying-boat of 1931. It was ordered by Imperial Airways (forerunner of BOAC) as a replacement for the Short Calcuttas. These flying-boats did much to lay the foundations of air travel. The Kents were used on the routes to India and the Far East, and could carry 15 passengers and two tons of mail or freight

Top: The Sunderland flying-boat which did such sterling service for RAF Coastal Command. A total of 721 were built, starting in 1937. Famed for their reliability, some of these flying-boats remained in service for years after the war

Above left: During the development of the Short family of flying-boats, the firm built the Scion Senior, a monoplane which was primarily designed as a half-scale flying test aircraft for the configuration of the Empire flying-boats

Left: An Empire or " C " class flying-boat taking off. Coming into service in 1937, these aircraft became the most famous of all the civil aircraft built by Short. Twenty-six of them were ordered off the drawing board by Imperial Airways which used them to operate for the first time through services to Australia and the Far East. The last of them was retired in 1948 after having flown over 2 million miles

Above: Today's aircraft hopes of the firm rest on the light transport, the Skyvan (upper), an economic and efficient little aircraft which has attracted much world attention; and the Belfast, a huge four-engine turboprop transport, capable of carrying 250 fully equipped soldiers and being built for the RAF

THE AMERICAN FREEWAY

174 The major cities of North America have gone a very long way to solve their traffic problems. This was one of the conclusions of the majority of a party of British engineers which visited the United States recently. Certainly with the cities they visited there were no signs of the congestion to be seen at peak hours in London.

The main reason for freedom from traffic jams is simply that most cities have devoted time and money to solving the problems of urban traffic. They seem to have found satisfactory answers, at least in terms of keeping traffic moving. Every large city has a team of traffic engineers who think not only in terms of major construction projects but in simple and less costly factors like one-way streets and traffic light control intervals. Henry Barnes—New York City's Traffic Commissioner and the most famous of all traffic engineers—is proud indeed of solving one of the city's major problems by changing the time gear on a set of traffic lights at a cost of about 5s.

Although every possible consideration is explored and simple remedies are sought, it nevertheless remains true that considerable sums of money are being spent on urban motorways. Los Angeles, for instance, at the present time has twice the mileage of motorway in operation that we have in the whole of Britain and its present plans envisage 1,500 miles by the end of the decade. This compares again with 1,000 miles in Britain by 1970.

The motorway building programme in America is not confined to cities. The present Interstate and Defence Highway System, initiated in 1956, calls for 41,000 miles of motorway across the whole of the United States. One of the most striking aspects of this system is the way it is integrated with urban highway systems. A new Interstate Highway will be deliberately routed close to the centre of a major city to deliver traffic direct on to city streets. This does not, as might have been expected, cause congestion on city streets because highway planners have chosen, and rightly so, to provide access to and exits from urban motorways at very frequent intervals—often at intervals of less than half a mile. The lesson for Britain in this is that the design and construction of urban motorways should be a concurrent part of the overall motorway programme.

Above left: Urban motorways dominate Los Angeles. Great use is made of vertical segregation of differing traffic streams, as here, with the Santa Ana Freeway crossing a downtown Los Angeles city street

Top: Ramped parking at a garage in Denver supplements parking lots and meter sites at street level

Above: The eight lanes of the San Diego Freeway sweep to and from the centre of Los Angeles

Left: The interchange of this Freeway with the Harbour Freeway seen at the height of the evening rush-hour (see also page 176)

BUILDING ROADS IN THE U.S.

The construction of roads at great speed is typical of America. The new highways programme has given contractors and plant manufacturers adequate business incentive to develop machines for constructing roads quickly and efficiently. One of the most spectacular developments of recent times has been the introduction of the slip form paver **(below)** and **(right).** This is able to construct roads without the use of conventional side forms normally employed to contain the concrete. The latest version of the paver is controlled electronically and lays 36-ft. wide carriageways at the surprising rate of 9 ft. a minute. Extensive use is made of soil stabilisation as a base for concrete roads. One machine **(bottom left)** pulverises the soil and mixes it with cement and as much water as necessary. The finishing process that follows the work done by the paver is effected by drawing a burlap sheet **(bottom right)** over the concrete, to impart a sandpaper texture to the surface

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

Speedwell staff

Diversification provides much of the dynamism for Midlands industry, but I know few firms who have made such a big jump as the Speedwell Gear Case Co. Ltd., which started off making cycle gear cases in Coventry. In more recent times it moved to Birmingham and has gone in for sheet metal fabrication such as pithead lockers. Now the chairman, Mr Derek Mattey, has launched Speedwell Research Ltd. to make a range of centrifugal pumps for the chemical, dairy, paint and other industries using fluid handling.

Its design and technical sales staff at Weston-super-Mare (manufacture will be in Birmingham) is led by an impressive trio of former members of Bristol Aerojet Ltd. The senior is Mr David Saunders, aged 45, for nine years Principal Scientific Officer at the Rocket Propulsion Establishment at Westcott, Bucks. He was chief development engineer in the Rocket Division of Rolls-Royce at Derby before moving to Bristol.

Mr George Camac, aged 35, has been concerned with the Nuclear Power Group at Knutsford and at Bristol Aerojet was senior performance engineer. Mr Douglas Lucas, also 35, is an Army-trained engineer and was concerned with Mr Saunders in introducing at Bristol Aerojet new products aimed at the fluid handling field. Previously he spent several years in the United States with companies serving the oil and allied industries. All three have joined the board of Speedwell Research, and the new range of pumps is the first of a number of products for fluid handling.

Congratulations, Mrs Payton

An attractive new figure is holding the balance in the Birmingham district branch of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries. For the first time in its half-century's life the branch has elected a woman chairman, Mrs Gay Payton, a Shirley housewife of unusual accomplishments, and a keen feminist. "I shall take every opportunity to encourage the cause of women during my chairmanship," she said. A former shorthand typist, she worked hard at nights to qualify as an associate of the Institute in 1936. She climbed to an executive post with a firm of chartered accountants and for ten years took classes in accounts, law, organisation, speech and deportment at Birmingham College of Commerce; she is now visiting lecturer at Solihull College of Further Education, where she carries out similar duties. The wife of an ironmonger, Mrs Payton brings to her new job an impressive blend of experience, charm, tact and decisiveness.

Dephosphorising plant

Moving liquids, gas and even solids by pipeline from one part of the country to another, as well as around factories or plants, is becoming even bigger business. It is also costly in terms of plant. Stanton and Staveley's new plant is costing £3,400,000 and will take about two years to complete. The principal item of equipment is a 55/70-ton "Kaldo" converter and ancillary plant to convert high phosphorous iron made from home ore into low phosphorous foundry iron. As part of the scheme the company is to extend its capacity for making ductile iron pipes and fittings at its spun pipe plants and foundries at Stanton works. Ironmaking is the foundation of the company's activities, using ores from the Midlands. But the trend has been towards low phosphorous iron; hence the "Kaldo" vessel, which will dephosphorise molten iron from the blast furnaces.

Siren designer

The "All Clear" sounded for the last time the other day for Mr Jack Evatt, the man who designed "Wailing Willie," the wartime air-raid warning siren. Since 1946 until retiring he has been head of the drawing office of the famous Leicester firm of Gent and Co. Ltd., makers of time-keeping equipment, fire alarms and other electrical wonders. He joined the drawing office straight from school 48 years ago, and designed the siren in 1935, four years before it was first sounded in earnest. Among a host of other projects Mr Evatt has been concerned with are the luminous silent call systems in the Cunard Queens and many factory fire-alarm systems.

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

BRIGHTER PROSPECTS FOR CARPET MAKERS

by The Sphere City Correspondent

If the Tory party means what it says and a housing programme is really going to gather momentum, this will benefit not only the builders, but (which the Stock Market is often slow to remember) the makers of all the ancillaries that go into houses. The manufacturers of baths, window frames, wall-paper and paint should all feel some impact over the next 18 months. But one sector of industry that is particularly dependent on the rate of house-building is the carpet industry. For two years now, sales of carpets have been virtually stagnant, but towards the end of last year there was a sudden and pronounced upturn, and it seems probable that this would have continued in the first quarter of this year had it not been for the bad weather which hampered shoppers. As it was, sales were 3 per cent. up on the previous year.

For the rest of this year, the annual review of the Federation of British Carpet Manufacturers, published recently, at least puts a base line by forecasting that 1963 will be as good as 1962. Home market sales to government departments, offices, shops and ships should certainly be maintained, while the crucially important housing sector should improve, if Housing Minister Sir Keith Joseph is as good as his word. On the export side, which accounts for only a very small portion of the total, the healthier tone of the Australian market should make up for any losses to countries behind the Common Market tariff.

For investors the key point is that this is a cyclical industry which seems to be on the upward trend curve. Profits are showing improvement out of proportion to sales because carpet prices were lifted by about 5 per cent. just over a year ago. In spite of the slower sales earlier this year and a rise in wool costs, it looks as though the next set of earnings figures will be at least as satisfactory as the last. Against this background, the stock market share prices and yields of some of the leading manufacturers are attractively out of line with other types of share.

Manufacturers' records

Carpet Manufacturing Ltd., for instance, an industry leader with a managing director of merchant bankers Samuel Montagu on the board, has announced a higher interim dividend and mid-year scrip issue. The last time this happened—in 1959—pre-tax profits proved to have risen by 60 per cent. and there was a handsome increase in the final dividend. At around 48s Carpet Manufacturing shares are on a $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent dividend yield (on the assumption of an unchanged total payment) and an attractive 11 per cent. earnings yield. Another industry leader, T. F. Firth and Sons, has just reported a 35 per cent. increase in pre-tax profits for the year ended last March and raised the dividend. A useful feature of this company is its furnishing fabrics side which achieved a "substantial increase" in profitability. Firth shares at around 11s yield a twice-covered $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Smaller companies with good records and prospects in carpet making include Gray's Carpets and Textiles and Thomas Bond Worth of Worcestershire. Gray's chairman, Mr P. L. Fleming, who is on a number of boards in City financier Mr Harold Drayton's group, has said that profits for the year ending next December are, so far, ahead of last year. Because of its erratic profits record (there were net losses from 1952 to 1957) Gray's has always been on a higher yield basis than many other carpet companies, but the present 9 per cent. yield and 12 per cent. earnings yield at the share price of around 7s seem to underestimate the company's current prospects.

Thomas Bond Worth, though small, has a good record with a progressive dividends policy. Profits for the year ended last March rose by 50 per cent. and there was another dividend increase. The shares at 8s 9d yield a $2\frac{1}{4}$ times covered 7 per cent. with net book assets incidentally of some 10s. For investors who want to add some income flavour to their portfolio, these four carpet shares provide a useful opportunity. But like all cyclical shares, they need watching carefully.

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

Interesting comparisons were possible between three vintages of German wines, 1959, 1961, 1962, at the recent tasting presented by Percy Fox and Co. Ltd. in London. In both Mosel and Rhine wines a most telling cross-section regarding qualities and price-range was shown, and there were many outstanding examples of each type.

Taking the Mosel area as a whole, the two tributaries, the Saar and Ruwer, stood out against the rest of the valley by producing better wines on the average in 1962. The cheaper wines did not compare quite so well in the Mosel in 1962; the medium qualities on the other hand were as good as the 1961's. The Saar and Ruwer wines of 1962 are outstanding, especially in the medium qualities, for their rather grapier, less steely character. They also have a fruitier bouquet and are altogether rounder wines.

For the whole area 1961 was the better year, but there were at the tasting some interesting examples showing this local superiority of the Ruwer valley in 1962. It was possible to compare the two years' vintages from the identical vineyard: Waldracher Kronlay (15s 3d), here I distinctly preferred the wine of the lesser year, 1962, while in the case of the Waldracher Mariaberg, the 1962 at 17s was as good to my taste as the 1961 at 18s 6d. Both these vineyards incidentally are owned by Langenbach and Co. Also in the medium-price range, there were some other very fine Mosels of 1961's: I particularly liked Piesporter Taubengarten Riesling at 19s and Graacher Himmelreich Riesling at 19s 6d.

The fabulous year of 1959 with its excess of sunshine produced some wonderful wines, although in the less " fashionable " sites some of the Mosels made were so untypical as to be more like Hocks. Four estate-bottled 1959 Mosels were included in the tasting, and they were all worthy of the great year. The charming fruitiness of the Piesporter Goldtropefchen Spaetlese Klaeren at 31s was delectable and, at a price, the Waldracher Hubertusberg Riesling Auslese, Langenbach at 40s a veritable nectar.

Before going on to the second half of the tasting, the Hocks, I must mention a very enjoyable Franconian wine, the 1961 Langenbach *Steinwein*, which is remarkably good value. Bottled by Percy Fox in London, in specially imported " bocksbeutel " bottles, it retails at about 16s. In the region of the Rhine the more southerly Palatinate was far more successful in 1961 than the rest. Rheinhessen made satisfactory wines, but there was nothing outstandingly great from there or the Rheingau. In comparison 1962 seems to be more successful from all three districts, and especially good, fine wines were made in the Rheingau and on the Nahe. With an overall higher proportion of fine wines, 1962 appears to have been a more successful vintage on the Rhine than on the Mosel.

In the cheaper range I tasted a very acceptable Liebfraumilch 1962 at 11s 9d. While this is of no stated vineyard it is a sound, palatable wine from the Rhine. The Alsheimer Rosenberg of the same year, from Rheinhessen, priced at 14s, showed extremely well, it has

Above : This reservoir on the Langenbach Estate, Waldrach, supplies the vineyard sprays designed to combat frost and drought. The light spray settles on grapes and leaves to form a thin coating of ice. This traps a layer of air which acts as insulation against frost

Left: Alfred Langenbach at Schloss Johannisberg

the right kind of Hock sweetness with a great deal of character. From the Palatinate, the Mittelhaardt to be precise, there was a very good 1962, a typical example of the simpler, but extremely drinkable Hocks, the Forster Mariengarten Riesling at only 16s. I liked even better the Niersteiner Gutes Domtal from Rheinhessen at the similar price of 16s 6d Another sixpence more, but well worth it, the Winkeler Honigberg Riesling was a very pleasing, well-developed, typical product of the Rheingau. Going up the price-scale, the Wormser Liebfrauen-Stiftswein Riesling Spaetlese at 18s 3d and the Dorf Johannisberger " Mermaid Label " at 18s 6d were outstanding examples of the successful 1962 vintage.

Of the famous 1959's the Wormser Liebfrauenstift Kirchenstueck Riesling Auslese (estate-bottled, Langenbach) at 32s 6d was the most luscious, with the 1961 Kauzenburger Spital Riesling Spaetlese, from the Nahe, at 26s, closely approaching in quality. I thought the best value in the whole tasting was the 1959 Hallgartener Hendelberg Riesling Spaetlese, estate-bottled at only 21s 6d.

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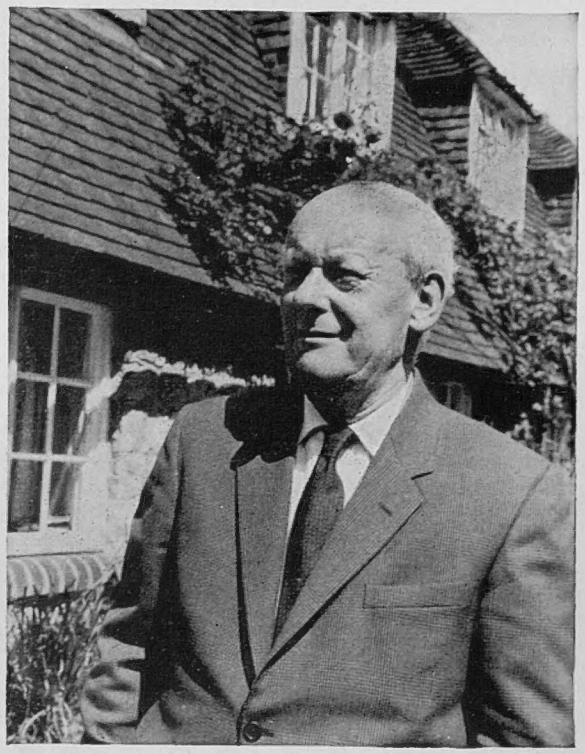

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MORE MOTORWAY

180 As British motorists fret and fume in traffic jams this Bank Holiday weekend and get frustrated by the 50 m.p.h. limit, let them take heart! Another 40 miles of motorway have just been opened—the latest 29-miles instalment of M6 and 11 miles more of M2—and Mr J. G. Smith, the Ministry of Transport's deputy chief engineer for motorways, has just made the reassuring statement that the date set for the completion of Britain's 1,000-miles motorway network—the early 1970's—will be met.

With the help of the 29 miles opened this week, 290 miles of motorway will have been completed by the end of the year, says Mr Smith, with another 110 miles under construction. Writing in *Traffic Engineering and Control*, the magazine which sponsored the recent London conference on this subject, Mr Smith adds that by the end of 1963 the detailed design of a further 160 miles will be under preparation and that the remainder of the 1,000-miles network will be " under active study and survey." It is good to get this hard news from such an authority, but it is to be hoped the Transport Ministry will lose no opportunity of speeding up the work in view of the frightening increase in Britain's motor vehicle population.

The latest stretch of motorway to come into use—in time for this holiday weekend, happily—runs from Lymm in North Cheshire, over the Manchester Ship Canal and the River Mersey to the south end of the Preston By-pass on A6 at Bamber Bridge. You can now drive uninterruptedly along 54 miles of M6 from Lymm to the top end of the Preston By-pass. When the 33 miles from Hanchurch, at the northern end of the Stafford By-pass, is opened in the autumn, M6 will provide 87 miles of continuous motorway from Dunston (south of Stafford) northwards to the Preston By-pass.

Reading for motorists

The new motoring books all have a nostalgic flavour. David Scott-Moncrieff has followed up his *Veteran and Edwardian Motor Cars* with another fascinating volume: *The Thoroughbred Motor Car* (Batsford, 30s). This time he deals lovingly with the nineteen-thirties, that evolutionary period when hand-made models started giving way to mass production. A decline in the number of wealthy men who could afford hand-made cars coincided with technical advances which conferred the dual benefits of increased mechanical efficiency and cheaper production methods. Scott-Moncrieff describes in alphabetical order and country by country the history and products of some 90 *marques*. He knew and drove many of them personally.

The authentic records of motor racing have been enriched by an addition to Cassell's Montagu Motor Books: Lord Montagu's *Gordon Bennett Races* (36s). These events, from 1900 to 1905, were the first international races organised under a schedule of orderly regulations and can be regarded as the progenitors of the *grandes épreuves* of today. For when he instituted the series, James Gordon Bennett (wealthy proprietor of the *New York Herald*, and the man who sent Stanley in search of Livingstone) imposed a strict weight limit, insisted every part of every car should be made in the country of origin and said only the driver and his mechanic could work on the car during the race. The painstaking research for this specialist volume was done by Michael Sedgwick, the indefatigable curator of the Montagu Motor Museums, who got together a fascinating collection of illustrations.

Of rather more general interest is Rodney Walkerley's *Famous Motor Races* (Arthur Barker, 18s), in which this well-known motoring writer has skilfully selected and edited a collection of other men's accounts of pulse-stirring combats. Seventeen stories cover the period 1902 to 1959 and they are written by men of such diverse personalities as Neubauer, Prince Chula of Thailand and Stirling Moss.

Nostalgic cavalcade

Something of the nostalgia collectively created by these books was also produced last weekend at the RAC's Country Club at Woodcote Park, just outside Epsom, when, to celebrate the Country Club's golden jubilee, a motoring cavalcade was staged with a different car to represent each year of the club's history. They ranged from Rolls-Royces to Jowetts, and, on the foreign side, from a Saab to a Mercedes-Benz. Motor racing was represented by an early BRM. And this parade of automotive history was appropriately rounded off by Britain's latest car, the Rootes Group's Hillman Imp.

The jubilee celebrations started with a ball followed by a firework display and the cavalcade was preceded by an official lunch in honour of Lord Mountbatten, RAC president, who arrived by helicopter. The RAC have had a country club at Woodcote Park since 1913, when they bought the mansion built there in the middle of the 17th century by Richard Evelyn, brother of the diarist John. The fine old house was practically destroyed by fire in 1934. The present building—opened in 1936—is mainly a replica of the original mansion and includes the original colonnades, which survived the fire.

New air ferry services

Big news for motorists from British United Air Ferries: Mr Douglas Whybrow, general manager and director, has announced that they are seeking permission from the Air Transport Licensing Board to operate 16 new car ferry services into Europe, with the accent on what has come to be known as deep penetration. BUAF are planning to use Coventry as the UK terminal for Britain's first car-carrying air ferry services to the Continent from a point deep inside the country. They are asking for licences for seven Coventry routes to France, Switzerland, Holland and the Channel Islands. From Lydd, in Kent, they want to reach out on six new routes to places as far afield as Nimes and Bordeaux. They hope to run flights from Bournemouth to Geneva and Bordeaux.

BUAF plans make provision for the first-ever intra-European air ferry service between Liège and Geneva. It is a bold programme.

Briefly . . . . When London's Dartford-Purfleet tunnel under the Thames is opened in October closed-circuit television will be used to give the control officer traffic pictures from seven points, including five in the tunnel. . . . Sweden's fantastic little two-stroke Saab, which has done so well in international rallying, is chasing new honours—on the race track. Following his success at Mallory Park the Swedish driver, Bjorn Rothstein, is leading in the new European saloon car " Challenge." . . . First British garage to install the Crypton-Heenan " Rolling Road " car tester (which simulates open-road speeds of up to 120 m.p.h. and gradients of one in five) is the Mamos Group's Roundabout service station on London's Western Avenue . . . .

Balancing the wheels of a Triumph Herald in the " Speedline " car service installation, opened recently at the Roundabout Garage in Greenford, Middlesex. The installation uses different bays for different operations

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